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### THE OLD MAID'S SECRET.

BY MRS. R. L. C.

She lived in the grand old house by the lake,
An old maid, rich, and pale, and precise,
With naught but her *servants* for company;
And ever to all she seemed to be
As heartless and cold as the veriest ice.

Many suitors her wealth could command,
Though her youth and beauty had long, long fled;
But she dwelt alone in her joyless mood,
Friendless and loveless, and doing no good,
(So we thought, at least), for her heart was dead.

How little we know of the human heart!
Death called the rich old maid away;
And after the funeral, stately and grand,
The world was made to understand
The secret woe that had turned her gray.

A room was found in the grand old house—
A chamber apart, in which she was known
To have passed many hours in silent prayer,
(Though none but she crossed the threshold), and there
She had often remained for days alone.

The walls were hung with a bride's fair robes,
Though faded and yellow with length of time,
An orange-flower wreath, all pale and wan,
And the portrait of a gentleman,
Which alone was brushed free from dust and grime.

This was all; but the story leaked out
Of a wedding that once, in the long ago,
Should have taken place—of a humbled pride,
Of a missing groom and a waiting bride—
A woman's life-secret of grief and woe.

She had kept the poor, faded finery
(With the false one's portrait) in there apart,
A sort of cell for penance and prayer,
To which, all alone, she would daily repair—
Alone with God and her broken heart.

And we called her cruel and cold; ah, no,
She was tender and good; for her vast estate
Was willed to the use of the homeless and poor;
And many a sad one blesses the door,
And bemoans the old maid's loveless fate.

# THE LILY OF ST. ERNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER'S SECRET," "HELENA LYLE," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 8, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

## CHAPTER XVIII.

PERSONAL TO MR. PENRUAN.

The Californian looked earnestly at Eleanor. He was in doubt what to think of her words, and somewhat indisposed to hear anything prejudicial to Mr. Penruan's character; but he said, "Tell me, then, this: are you aware that Mr. Penruan appears—recollect, I only say appears—anxious that you should marry?—and forgive me for speaking as I should if you really were a dear sister."

Eleanor's beautiful face flushed, and her breath came in quick, passionate gasps. But she quickly composed herself.

"For your friendly interest I am too grateful to quarrel at the way in which you evince it. Yes, I have known for some time past that my marriage would give pleasure to my stepfather."

"Charlie Renton believes that this is because the Squire sympathises with him, and would rather see you united to a poor man than unhappy," Max then took courage to tell her.

The young lady bit her lip, and, looking her companion steadily in the face, queried, "And you—do you think so too?"

"I scarcely know. To me Mr. Penruan has spoken as if he should not oppose your wishes, *let your choice fall on whom it may!*"

"Go, on," cried Eleanor. "But I know the rest; I know that what Mr. John Penruan has said to Captain Renton he has also said to you *and others*. That he has advised you, if not in plain terms, yet by hints and inuendoes, to woo me; and when you, in your honesty, reminded him that I am an heiress, he pooh-poohed the scruples that made you hesitate."

This was so true that Max could only ask, "How did you learn this?"

"I have learned yet more," she answered. "I know that it was to play you off against poor Charlie that he invited you to remain at the Abbey. You were to be domesticated with me; to be the companion of my walks and drives; not because he was hospitably desirous of making your stay here a pleasant one, but to further his own schemes."

"Stay!" Max exclaimed. "You promised that you would not let your own dislike of Mr. Penruan color your explanations!"

"Very well," she replied; "then solve the riddle yourself. Here am I—the heiress of forty thousand pounds and some contingencies—penned up in an obscure corner of England, enjoying none of those advantages the possession of such a fortune should secure me; never visiting London; rarely entering into the society of my country neighbors; in fact, positively vegetating at a ruined abbey, during what should be the gayest, if not the happiest years of my life? Why is this? Answer me if you can."

"Mrs. Penruan's delicate health may be the cause," Max dubiously suggested.

"Mamma never fancied herself ill until she was secluded here, and had nothing else to do. Change of air and scenes would make her a different creature."

"But even you must allow that Mr. Penruan is a devoted husband; that his anxiety on his lady's account is very great, and exceedingly praiseworthy?"

"Yes," said Eleanor, dryly. "*Even I* am quite ready to admit that my stepfather's fears lest his wife should *die* are excessive; but praiseworthy, did you add? Shall I tell you why mamma's life is so precious to her husband?"

"Yes," said Max, "if you are sure that you are not mistaken in your judgment."

"Oh, stubborn Americano!" she exclaimed with a smile. "Will you have nothing but bare facts? Here they are, then, and you shall draw your own conclusions. If my mother's death were to take place *under present circumstances*, Mr. Penruan would lose all interests in her property."

"He has this estate!"

"Yes," said Eleanor; "but at the time he married it was so heavily mortgaged, that, despite his careful economy, he has not yet paid off all these encumbrances, and my mother's income is wholly in her own hands."

Max sat and mused for a few minutes.

"Then you would have me think that it is solely for the sake of the hateful money that my kinsman watches so assiduously over his wife? The idea is too degrading! I had rather not entertain it!"

"You prefer to regard him as the most uxorious of husbands! Very well; I have no objection. I have often wished that I could do so myself."

"And why," exclaimed the young man, reverting to the topic from which they had strayed—"why should we doubt Mr. Penruan's good intentions towards you?"

"And yet that you do doubt them, this question is a sufficient proof!" she retorted significantly.

"Cannot you be generous, then, and set these doubts at rest?" said Max. "At present you are but increasing the distrust I am so anxious to fling off. Surely you must have the key to Mr. Penruan's motives for giving encouragement both to Captain Renton and myself!"

"Nay," she answered, looking down; "his reasons for doing this must be patent to yourself. He would be rid of me; he cares not who takes me off his hands; and thinks that I may be compelled, by Charles Renton's jealous urgency, into the decisive step of becoming his wife or—yours."

"And you, Eleanor, is it solely to plague, I may say to spite your unloving stepfather, that you make the warm-hearted young fellow who loves you so miserable? Is this kind? Is this right?"

She locked her hands together, and burst into passionate tears.

"It is because I love him too well to be a clog to him that I drive him from me! Spare me these cruel reproaches, Mr. Haveryng! Do I not suffer, think you, when I renounce hopes that—that——"

She buried her face in her handkerchief, and could say no more; Max sitting and watching her in pitying yet perplexed silence, till she grew calmer.

"Is our conference at an end?" she asked, with an attempt to smile; "or have you more confessions to extort? Recollect that you will not be justified in repeating anything I have admitted."

"I am still in the dark," he replied. "How could you be a clog or a burden to Charles Renton?"

"In this way. You *think* that I should bring him a fortune, and *I know* that I should bring him nothing. He has his pay as a junior captain in the army, and, by a prudence admirable in a young man so much esteemed and sought after, he contrives to keep out *of* debt. But to marry—and marry a girl whose tastes are expensive—who has been reared in luxury, and knows economy only to detest it in the sordid shape of John Penruan, would be madness. I refuse to drag Captain Renton down to abject poverty. I will never, never give him reason to rue the day he first beheld me, as many a wretched wife has done."

"But your own lips assured me, not long since, that you are richly dowered!"

"Ay, but they neglected to add that your kinsman is my guardian!"

"I have already heard this from the Squire himself," Max interposed. "He did not appear to have any wish to conceal it."

"Did he volunteer the information?" Eleanor demanded; and, after a little reflection, the young man was compelled to reply in the negative. "Or did he tell you at the same time," she went on, "that I cannot marry without his consent; that by my father's will I am so wholly at the mercy of the man he believed to be his friend, that if I wed without a formal permission, signed by Mr. John Penruan, I forfeit all claim to my dowry, which lapses to my mother, who is passive in the hands of her wily husband."

"But my kinsman assured me that he would not oppose your wishes."

"Tacitly he might not; but would he give that formal consent without which I should be a penniless bride?"

"How could he withhold it?"

"Easily enough; and the world would commend him for refusing to let his ward unite herself to one who was not her equal in wealth. Would he confess, think you, how he threw us together, and indirectly furthered our wishes until we had gone too far to retreat? On the contrary, he would declare that we had misunderstood him; that my self-will and obstinacy had prevented his interference, and that he was only doing his duty in refusing, etc., etc."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the indignant auditor. "This is but conjecture on your part. He could not be guilty of such meanness—such unpardonable treachery!"

"Do you think not?" she asked, dryly. "On the one side there are forty thousand pounds; on the other, the happiness of two foolish young people. Will John Penruan study the latter when the former is at stake? You do not know him, Cousin Max. He would cut off his right hand for half the amount of my dowry!"

But still Max, agitated and uncomfortable, persisted in saying, "I know not how to credit it! Think of the consequences to himself! Why, he would be disgraced in the eyes of all who knew him!"

"And he would be rich enough to defy public opinion. Besides, my dear cox, you in your simplicity, or inexperience, forget that the mass always side with the strongest. Who will care how Mr. Penruan heaped his riches together so long as he has them? What am I, that any one but a preux chevalier like yourself should care what becomes of me?"

"But he would lose his own self-respect!" cried Max, still harping on the Squire.

"If he has any," interposed Eleanor, who was half inclined to be amused at such sturdy championship of a most unworthy man.

"At least he has a conscience," the young Californian retorted, "and that would warn him that such an act would be a fraud on the orphan entrusted to his guardianship. He is avaricious, I dare say; but when his better feelings are appealed to, he will surely prove more honorable than you imagine."

But at this speech the young girl laughed mockingly.

"Did Mr. Penruan's conscience trouble him when, in the depths of last winter, he thrust a helpless widow and her little ones from their cottage, because, in one of the storms that visited the coast, the brave husband and father lost his life? and the Squire's rent was not forthcoming?"

"Could he do this?" murmured her disgusted hearer.

"Ay; and before the destitute family could find shelter, one of those children died, and the whole neighborhood cried shame on him for his unfeeling conduct. But John Penruan let the dwelling to a better tenant, and laughed at those who boldly reminded him that he would yet have to give an account of his treatment of these unhappy creatures."

"You may have heard an exaggerated account of this affair," said Max.

"But I tell you that I have seen the widow—that I know I am only telling you what actually occurred. Mr. Penruan has no conscience. Where was it when a shrieking child fled before his upraised arm, or knelt to him, pitifully praying for mercy? But no, no, no! I dare not speak of that;" and Eleanor started from the rude bench on which she had been sitting, with her hands pressed to her heaving bosom, and every feature convulsed. "When I recall that scene—when I remember how it ended—I hate myself for living beneath the roof of one so vile, so heartless!"

For a few minutes no sound was heard in the cavern but her sobs; and when she looked up it was to say, "Pray leave me. I cannot return to the house till I am calmer, and I shall recover myself more quickly alone."

MAX RESENTS MR. PENRUAN'S CURIOSITY.

"I cannot bear to quit you thus," Max urged; but as she persisted in wishing it, he was forced to obey.

## CHAPTER XIX.

IN TREVOR WOOD WITH LETTY RAYNE.

Penruan Abbey was not an agreeable abode that day, for Mrs. Penruan's dog had paid the penalty of over-feeding and pampering, and expired at her feet. As a matter of course, the lady's grief was excessive; and after blaming everyone as the cause of dear Fanfan's sudden demise, she declared that the shock had nearly killed her, and proceeded to give proof of it by a series of hysterical attacks of the most alarming and noisy character.

Mr. Penruan's uneasiness was almost ludicrous, for he was vibrating between a longing to scold her heartily for making such a ridiculous fuss about a little brute he had always detested and a dread that if the violent fits in which she lay screaming and gasping were not alleviated, they would end in her becoming seriously ill.

As soon as Max made his appearance he was entreated to ride off to the next town, and hasten the coming of the doctor, for whom two of the men, one after the other, had been already dispatched.

Eleanor hastened to her mother when she returned to the house, and learned what was amiss; but sickened by the childishness of Mrs. Penruan's complaints, she was not sorry when she was angrily dismissed as a heartless creature, who had never known what it was to lose an affectionate pet under such distressing circumstances.

"Oh, mamma," she could not resist saying, "there are those about you who really need the love and sympathy you have wasted upon a dog! When will you remember this, and not call me heartless for refusing to think that your days should be spent in petting an animal, and nursing imaginary ailments?"

A hysterical wail followed her as she made her escape, and shut herself in her own room, where she was only too glad to remain the rest of the day.

The dinner was a mere form, for Captain Renton was still absent; the Squire was out of humor, and revenged himself for his lady's freaks by harrying the servants; and Max sat looking at the clock, the hands of which were nearing the hour appointed for the rendezvous.

As soon as the cloth was withdrawn he excused himself and hastened to the quiet dell, in whose centre rose the quiet spring, beside which Letty had promised to meet him.

It was a long half-hour before she appeared and while he paced to and fro, or sat musing on the edge of the roughly-hewn basin, that received the water, his thoughts were as much of Eleanor Haydon as of the beautiful girl for whom he waited.

Some things that she had said were still dwelling in his mind painfully, and would not be forgotten. What was that scene of which she declared that she could not trust herself to speak?—and who was the child who had been the object of Mr. Penruan's fury? Involuntarily his thoughts connected what he had heard with those tresses of fair hair that he found in the chamber to which he had penetrated only a few hours earlier. Still it was mystery upon mystery—coil within coil; for, whether from a dread of John Penruan's vengeance, or a doubt of the policy of blackening his character to a kinsmen, no one was willing so give those explanations Max was so anxious to obtain.

In what had his interview with Eleanor resulted—that interview from which he had hoped so much? In the conviction that the Squire was either the vilest or the most cruelly traduced of men; and though very sorrowfully, very reluctantly, Max was beginning to incline to the former conviction.

He had heard Eleanor's tale, and was racking his brain for ways and means of making her and Charlie Renton happy; but there was something still to be learned, of far greater importance to himself, and that was the history of Letty. She was *his* Letty now—the dear one to whom his troth was plighted—to whom—if possible—he intended to devote the remainder of his life. In confessing that she loved him she had given him a right to know who she was, and what were her reasons for fearing and avoiding John Penruan.

But just as he came to this conclusion, a little figure, in black, glided from behind the silver birch, that grew, in solitary pride, above the fountain, and Letty, her ordinarily pale face aglow with soft blushes, stood before him.

She looked so pure, unearthly, as she emerged from the gathering shadows of the twilight, that involuntarily Max sank on his knee, and pressed his lips to her trembling hand.

"Pray, rise," she faltered. "It was not wise of me to come; do not make me regret it still more by such acts of homage as these."

"Why reprove me for what I have done?" he asked, as he drew her to a seat upon the mossy roots of the tree. "I felt, for the moment, as if you were more angel than woman, and behaved accordingly."

"I am no angel," said Letty, hastily.

"But you are a true and loving woman! Is not that what you would add? Why, then, I shall like you best in that character, till my own is perfected."

His arm stole around her as he spoke, but she disengaged herself with gentle firmness from the would-be embrace.

"Mr. Haverying, this must not be! I do not come to listen to such words as these, but rather to assure you that you must forget me!

He smiled incredulously.

"And to teach me how to do so? Begin, then! When you have succeeded in making me forget what you confessed to me the other night, the rest may be easy to both of us! But while I remember that you have acknowledged that I am dear to you, my place is by your side, and you are as surely mine as if our vows had been plighted at the altar!"

"You are too rash, sir! You do not know what you are saying! Words spoken in haste, and in the regret of having unjustly condemned you, were not intended to imply all you seem to think."

"Indeed!" said Max, his face darkening with displeasure. "Were you, then, playing with me?—amusing yourself by driving me almost to desperation, and then luring me back with a pretence of affection that, after all, you do not feel?"

But Letty's eyes did not droop before his reproachful gaze; on the contrary, she gave him glance for glance, and there was sorrowful bitterness in her tones as she retorted.

"Oh, sir, you need not be so ready to accuse me! Even if I were the coquette you paint, my heart would acquit me of having cost you much unhappiness. It is on every lip how Mr. Max Haverying has won the belle of Penruan. It is not with Captain Renton that she sings, dances, rides, and lingers by moonlight on the terrace; and already the Squire's tenants are anticipating all the festivities of a gay wedding."

"And you have heard that I am playing the suitor to Eleanor Haydon?" Max demanded, as he got possession of her hands. "I do not doubt it; there are plenty of gossips, even in this out-of-the-way place, who would not be able to see us together without imagining the rest. Let them say what they please; but you, Letty, do you believe that I, whom you saw the other night half maddened by your coldness, went from your side to whisper loving words in the ear of another?"

She was silent. But this only added fuel to the fire her speech had provoked.

"Letty, you shall answer me! Am I, in your sight, this dishonorable wretch—this mean reptile—or do you say it only to vex me!"

"No one would blame you for forgetting the Widow Rayne, while you sun yourself in the smiles of beautiful, queenly Eleanor."

"Am I answered? Have you really thought this of me? Thought that while I wooed you in secret, I openly sought the love of another? Then you do well in saying that we would meet no more! We are mistaken in each other!"

"Mistaken?" she echoed, regarding his hot, angry look doubtfully.

"Yes! I could have staked my life that you loved me—that, in spite of the efforts your friends, as you call them, have made to keep us apart, you had given your heart as freely to my keeping, as I gave mine to you. I have never said, 'On whom do you smile when I am absent, Letty?—for whom are your kisses when I am not near?'"

"You dared not suspect me?" she panted.

"And yet you have suspected me!" he reminded her. "But no, I never said these things, because I never thought them; I gauged your feelings by my own, and I fancied that we had unbounded faith in each other. But it is not so, and, therefore, you cannot love me!"

"Think this if you will," she murmured, with a sigh. "I did but come to say adieu for ever; and it will make our parting easier."

"To you, perhaps; but to me it is torture! Why did you send me from you the other night, half delirious with joy; repeating to myself, as I went, 'She is mine—she loves me! if it were but to deceive me?'"

"It is not I who have wavered in my affections, but you!" she retorted, accusingly.

"It is false, even though it is you who say it!" was the vehement reply.

"Are not you protesting too loudly, sir?" Letty demanded, as she curved her white throat, with the haughty air that gave dignity to her figure. "When a gentleman whispers soft words to one who professes to be nothing better than the adopted child of a Cornish fisherman, no one will wonder if he does not mean all he says."

"Where did you learn these despicable lessons?" he sternly demanded. "And what have I done that gives you reason to class me with such scoundrels as you describe? I am no gentleman, according to your meaning of the word, for though an idler here, I do my best at home to improve my small patrimony, and follow in the steps of the father who bequeathed it to me. No man can say that he wronged human creatures, and it shall be his son's boast to deserve the same!"

"Have I not already said that no one will blame you if, in the bright orbs and glowing cheeks of Eleanor Haydon, you discover charms that I have never possessed?" Letty made answer. "And now, Mr. Haveryng, we will not prolong this interview. It was folly to meet at all, seeing that no good purpose could be served by it; and I have only displeased you with my candor."

But Max was now too deeply moved for speech. With arms folded on his chest, he stood intently gazing on her, and beneath that steady look her own sank, and her color began to come and go.

"Farewell, Mr. Haveryng!"

There was a ring of trouble, almost of supplication, in her voice, but he made no sign of having heard it. She moved away a step or two, then paused, and glanced over her shoulder. His eyes were still fixed upon her receding form, but he made no effort to recall her. There was a fund of firmness or obstinacy—call it what you will—in the Californian, that would not let him stoop to protest any longer; nor strive by unmanly supplications to regain her confidence.

Wavering between love and pride, she made another uncertain step towards the trees, then wrung her hands, and, with a sob, fled back to the arms that instantly opened to receive her. But pain and displeasure still sat on the Californian's brow, and he did not attempt to conceal it.

"What am I to understand by this, Letty? I take you to my heart spite of all you have said, because I must always love you—I cannot help it; but my honor must be vindicated. I must find some way of proving to you, beyond all doubt, that I am not the villain you have, for the second time, called me, before I can say to you, 'Letty, will you be my wife?'"

"Scold me as much as you please," she sighed, as she nestled closer to him. "I deserve the angriest speeches you can make, for I have been mad—mad with jealousy."

"Who has been slandering me in your hearing?"

"No one; else had I been without excuse. But only this morning, from an eyrie in the cliffs, I watched to catch a glimpse of you, Max, as—as I have often done before——"

"My love! and I knew not that you were so near."

"At last you came—but not alone. She was with you. She leant upon your arm, smiled in your face, and let you lead her to the cave, which, I have heard them say, she rarely permits anyone to enter. I counted the minutes that you spent there together—still together—while I was forgotten."

"No, Letty, not forgotten."

"Well, then, unseen. Minutes, did I say?—an hour had nearly elapsed, and, wild with my own chafing, fretting fears, I stole to a cleft in the rocks, and looked

through. Eleanor was sitting in the cave, and you were bending over her so lovingly, that—oh, Max, Max! wicked creature that I am!—I wished her *dead!*"

"My foolish darling! though appearances were against me, there was not a word uttered by either of us that you might not have heard. My cousin Eleanor is unhappy; and Charles Renton, who loves her dearly, is my friend. I would help them both, if I knew how; and it was to try and learn some way of doing this that I talked with her this morning."

Letty raised her head, and began to look gravely curious.

"The bright, lively Eleanor Haydon unhappy! How is this?"

"I may not tell her secrets without her leave—even to you, my lily-flower," said Max; and her face was sinking down upon his breast again, when a long plaintive cry, like the call of the screech owl, echoed through the wood.

"I have outstayed my time," she mournfully observed.

"Nay, you must not go yet! I have so much to ask and say!" exclaimed her dismayed lover.

"And I have wasted the precious moments in reproaches!" sighed Letty. "But I entreat you not to detain me."

She spoke so beseechingly, that he could not but comply.

"At least I may see you safely through the wood?"

She hesitated; then answered, "We will walk together to the boundary of the Penruan estate. There our paths divide; and oh! Max, if you love me, make no attempt to follow my footsteps."

"Is this woman you call your aunt cruel to you? Is it because you fear her harshness you say this?"

"No; she is *very, very* good to me. A little prejudiced, perhaps; but when she knows you better, she will overcome this. Only yield to my entreaties, and all may yet be well."

They were now rapidly threading the intricacies of the coppice, with which Letty appeared so familiar that she never hesitated which way to take, although beneath the trees it was so dark that no path could be discerned.

And now they stood on a patch of open ground beneath a bank that surrounded the Abbey plantations, and, with a sigh, she paused to say farewell.

But ere the word could pass her lips, or Max could exact a promise that she would soon see him again, a man scrambled over the bank, and sliding down it, stood before them so suddenly that Letty's cry of dismay was natural enough. But was it her alarm that evoked it, or the exclamation of Max, to whose lips had involuntarily risen the words, "It is Mr. Penruan!"

## CHAPTER XX.

MAX GROWS ANGRY AS WELL AS PERPLEXED.

Max could feel that the clasp of Letty's hands tightened on his arm, and that she was quivering from head to foot, while the Squire peered suspiciously first at one and then the other of the young couple he had contrived to startle. But it relieved him to find that she quickly recovered herself, and checked that impulse to fly which had seized her on Mr. Penruan's first appearance.

Did this gentleman give any sign that he recognized the young widow, who had testified such a dread of encountering him?

No. But then the fast fading light was uncertain; and Letty, before leaving the wood, had drawn forward the hood of her cloak, so as to partially conceal her face. The eyes must have been very keen, or very well acquainted with her form and features, that could have discerned who she was under such circumstances; and perhaps it was a consciousness of this that gave her courage to quickly return to her place beside her lover. But whatever Mr. Penruan may have thought or suspected with regard to his kinsman's muffled and silent companion, he soon made it apparent that his curiosity was thoroughly awakened.

"I beg your pardon if I came upon you too suddenly," he said, in fawning tones. "I had no idea, my good Max, that you were here, or else——"

"Well, sir?" queried Max, who was irritated by the determined manner in which the Squire had planted himself on the path, thus rendering it impossible for Letty to pass. "I am told that this wood is free to all comers."

"Oh, yes; that is, the people about here claim a right of way, which, if it were my property, I should soon set about contesting. I've no notion of strangers wandering at will over another man's estates!"

"Will you walk on, Mr. Penruan?—we are in haste!" said Max, abruptly.

The Squire wheeled round.

"You're going back to the Abbey? Then we'll walk together, for I cannot remount that bank."

"It's a pity you ever got over it," was the not very politely spoken comment of his annoyed kinsman.

"It was; but I heard voices, and fancied I recognized Eleanor's. This is not Eleanor, though, is it?" And he made another attempt to gain a fuller view of Letty's half-averted face.

But Max prevented it by pushing himself betwixt them.

"I left Miss Haydon in the house, where I dare say we shall find her on our return."

"I heard voices," the Squire resumed, "and it struck me as being so unusual at such an hour, that I really felt myself justified in coming to see whether poachers, or other bad characters, were lurking so close to my own land. I must repeat, however, that I am extremely sorry if I have frightened the—the lady."

But Letty was gone. Just as he began to speak, she withdrew her hand from Max's arm, slid her fingers into his for a mute pressure, and, breathing a warning "Hush!" glided away amongst the trees.

Her sudden departure afforded fresh food for Mr. Penruan's curiosity; but there was a certain something in the tones of the Californian's voice that warned him not to ask too many questions.

"I really am very sorry I intruded upon you, Max."

"So am I, sir!" was the curt reply.

"But then you must remember that you had not taken me into your confidence; that I was not aware you ever indulged in flirtations with our Cornish lasses."

Max was feigning an indignant disclaimer, when the recollection that Letty wished to avoid recognition checked him. He would not say a word that might give the Squire a clue to her identity, and his answer therefore was carefully framed so as to avoid it.

"Few men are in a hurry to reveal their love-affairs to their relatives, and I shouldn't think of troubling you with mine."

"I did not recognize your fair companion," said Mr. Penruan, suggestively.

"Indeed!" was all the answer he received; and he started on a fresh tack.

"What would Eleanor say if she knew that you play the gallant gay Lothario in the twilight to some pretty lass from St. Erne?"

"Now you speak of Miss Haydon," cried Max, swallowing his indignation at the remark, "perhaps you will answer a question or two that I should like to put to you?"

"My dear boy, I have already told you that if good wishes are any service to you in your suit, you have mine."

"But, Mr. Penruan, you have said nearly the same words to Charles Renton! Your good wishes cannot be with both of us!"

"Why not?" said the imperturbable Squire. "I am very well aware that you cannot both wed my saucy step-daughter, but I may and do like both of you well enough to rejoice in aught that makes either of you happy."

Max pondered awhile, and then bluntly said, "This may be an impartial, but it is also rather an enigmatical, speech. Tell me in plain words, Mr. Penruan, whether, in the event of Miss Haydon's choice falling on Captain Renton or myself, you will give that written sanction to the marriage, without which I am assured that the young lady would be a portionless bride."

"My dear Max," the Squire replied, importantly, "I shall most certainly endeavor to do my duty. This is an affair in which my own feelings and inclinations may have to be entirely set aside, and my functions, as Eleanor Haydon's guardian, strictly exercised, but when the moment arrives, I shall be ready for it. In the meantime, I repeat that my wishes are with you. Renton is an amiable young fellow, but you, Max—you are of my own blood."

"I scarcely catch your meaning, sir. What shall you consider it your duty to do under the circumstances?"

Mr. Penruan coughed dubiously.

"Has Eleanor sent you to me?" he asked. "Are you authorized by her to put these questions?"

Max was obliged to answer in the negative, although a suspicion of the triumphant smile the avowal brought to his auditor's thin lips provoked him sorely.

"She did not send you to me? Then, my dear young friend, I really think these inquiries are premature. From any person but yourself I should be inclined to resent them; I should, indeed. Of course, I know you too well to suspect you of harboring avaricious sentiments, or a greater interest in Eleanor's fortune than her own pretty self; but really——"

"I think you had better stop there, Mr. Penruan," Max sternly exclaimed. "As long as I am your guest I am bound in honor to avoid quarrelling with you, which I certainly shall be forced to do if you say any more."

"Pooh! nonsense, you hot-hearted boy!" Mr. Penruan smilingly retorted. "You must rid yourself of this Californian habit of looking knives and talking daggers every time one contrives to affront you. And seriously, Max, we must not part in ill-will. You are the only relative I have in the world. I am getting an old man, with nerves shaken by—by many anxieties. If any great trouble were to overtake me, I should want some one to stand by me; and who so strong, so capable of doing this, as you?"

"In everything that is just and right you may count on my assistance, sir," said Max, touched a little by this appeal. "But what troubles can you dread?"

Mr. Penruan sighed heavily.

"I don't know. A foreboding comes over me sometimes—I suppose most men are occasionally plagued with such fancies—and mine always attack me after I have dreamed one peculiar dream, about groping my way through some dark cavern, tormented and mocked by the evil spirits that have dragged me there. Oh, it is a hideous vision, and I wake from it bathed in sweat, and shivering with fear?"

"Do you walk in your sleep when you dream this?" asked Max, eagerly.

"Surely no," Mr. Penruan responded, evincing more uneasiness at the question than it seemed to merit. "If I did, how terrible—how dangerous! I mean what dangers I might incur! What made you think of this?"

"Merely a passing idea. I thought it not at all unlikely—that is all," was the evasive answer.

Max had hesitated for a moment whether to relate what he had seen, or still keep silence respecting the Squire's somnambulism. It was his increasing distrust of his kinsman that inclined him to the latter course, and Mr. Penruan remained in ignorance that, as far as the mocking spirit was concerned, his dream was not all a dream.

By this time they had reached the Abbey, and the Squire went indoors; but Max remained on the terrace to smoke and meditate. The more he did so, the hotter grew his dissatisfaction with his kinsman.

"Eleanor was right, and he is as mean, as crafty, as unreliable as she described him. How cunningly, how cautiously he fenced with my questions; admitting just as much as left him a loophole for escape, and no more. I can no longer doubt that he makes her home detestable in order to drive her into matrimony, and will then sanctimoniously declare to her that it would not be doing his duty to consent to her union with any one whose position is inferior to her own. Is there no matching him with his own weapons? Must this young couple, who love each other so warmly, either separate altogether, or consent to endure with the poverty which would press sharply on both? Surely there must be some way of preventing either of these sorrowful terminations to their wooing?"

Then Max reminded himself that he had another cause for complaint anent the Squire, and one that touched him more closely. By those spying propensities, which made Mr. Penruan a terror to his dependants, who never knew when or how he would pounce upon them, he had driven Letty away before her lover could exact a promise of another meeting, and coax her to fix the time and place for the same. Dan Calynack might be persuaded to convey to her another *billet doux*, but this was so doubtful that Max predicted a stern refusal, even while he resolved to leave nothing untried that might prevail with the old fisherman to oblige him.

As he sauntered to and fro, nursing his wrath, Captain Renton came out, and joined him.

"Have you any news for me, Haveryng? I daresay I bore you with my sombre looks and selfish anxieties; but you made me believe you my friend, and you will have to put up with the inevitable consequences."

Max put his arm through the young officer's, and, risking Eleanor's reproof for divulging her secrets, related all he had learned from her during their interview in the fairy grot.

"Her step-father will withhold her fortune; well, what signifies that?" was the impetuous comment. "It is for herself I love her. How could she let the paltry dross come between us?"

"Gently," said Max. "I thought I was the most inconsiderate of men, but before I marry I shall certainly ask myself whether I can make a home for my spouse."

Captain Renton's delight received a check.

"You are right. In the joy of learning that Eleanor still loves me, I forget all else. Why did my friends persuade me to adopt this expensive profession? But my darling shall find that I am not to be daunted by any difficulties while her heart remains true to me. Ah, Mr. Haveryng! you don't know half Eleanor's good qualities; you see her under a cloud now, for somehow she never does get on with Mr. Penruan, but she is the most generous and noble of women."

"Only one degree removed from perfection!" exclaimed the laughing Max. "How fortunate it is for my own comfort that I do not see my pretty cousin with your eyes! You knew her in the lifetime of her father. What kind of a man was Mr. Haydon?"

"An excellent one. Rather too easily swayed, I fancy, but dotingly fond of his wife and children."

"And yet he made a will that savors of injustice, by putting too much power in the hands of Mr. Penruan! How do you account for this?"

"I cannot tell," replied Renton, cautiously lowering his voice. "You must remember that when Mr. Haydon gave up his appointment at Madras, and came to England for his health, I lost sight of the family for some years. When we met again, Eleanor had sprung from a merry child into a beautiful, high-spirited woman, and her mother had remarried with Mr. Penruan."

"How came such a marriage about?" mused Max.

"On this point I can only tell you what I have heard from gossiping acquaintances, for Eleanor has always carefully avoided the subject. Mr. Haydon was recommended by his physicians to take up his residence on the south-west coast. He came to Mount's Bay, and somehow contrived to strike up a friendship with John Penruan, who became so useful to him during his illness, that, as a proof of his confidence, Mr. Haydon made him one of the trustees of his bequests; and, in gratitude, I suppose, for his attentions to her departed husband, the widow married him about six months after her bereavement."

"And this gave him unlimited power over the future of her daughter."

"Say of her fortune, not of her future!" Renton retorted, a glow of enthusiastic devotion pervading both tone and look. "With Heaven's blessing on my endeavors, she shall never know a sorrow again that I can shield her from."

"But, my dear fellow, you surely are not going to be so imprudent as to urge her to marry you at all risks!"

"Certainly not; but I shall ask Eleanor to give me time to prove my sincerity; a year, or *two*, if she insists upon it. Then I will sell my commission, and with the few hundreds I shall have, and an energetic determination to get on, what may not a man achieve?"

At first, Max was strongly inclined to answer, "Perhaps nothing," but he was too good-natured to willingly damp the lover's ardor, or remind Charles Renton that life in a dashing regiment was very different to the hardships that must be endured by one who resolutely sets himself to make a fortune.

"Better act on Eleanor's own suggestion," he said, and go with me to Aquas Dolces. My life on it she will be true to you, though your one year's absence will, in all probability, spin itself out to six or seven!"

"Six or seven!" the young officer repeated, in dismay. "I could not expect her—so young and beautiful as she is—to wait for me all that time."

"If she loves you as well as I think she does, her patience will stand the test!" cried Max, hopefully; and though you must prepare yourself for a fair share of roughing and knocking about, you will have one friend by your side, old fellow, who will do his utmost to help you!"

The young man cordially clasped hands.

"I shall thankfully accept your offer," said Renton, "unless the propitious fates give me something to do in my own country. There are men in town who profess to be my friends, and who have the power, if the *will* be not wanting, to procure me a berth under Government. With a settled income—however small—in my possession, I should be justified in marrying at once. Do you not think so?"

"Ay; but will Miss Haydon consent to take a step that will compel her to resign all hope of enjoying the dower that should have been hers?"

"Eleanor is no lover of money!" Max was proudly told.

"Very true; but, were I in her place, it would cost me a pang to throw into the hands of such a man as Mr. Penruan the large sum my own father had carefully, and perhaps fondly, gathered together for his child."

"Whatever you may think, don't use these arguments to Eleanor!" Captain Renton exclaimed, anxiously. "Perish the money! I have not the slightest desire to be beholden to my wife for the luxuries on my table. Such a dowry would have smoothed away many difficulties, but others have been happy without forty thousand pounds, and why not my love and I?"

He bade Max good night, and went away to his own room in better spirits than he had been able to muster since he came to Penruan. His jealous doubts had vanished; and when Eleanor had been persuaded to lay aside all reserves, all scruples, and pledge herself to be his as soon as he was in a position to claim her, what further incentive would be needed to make him go boldly forth and do his utmost to win wealth, or at least a competence, for her to share?

## CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH THE CAPTAIN AND ELEANOR COME TO AN UNDERSTANDING.

It appeared, however, by what took place, that Max interpreted Eleanor's sentiments more correctly than her lover had done. During the long conversation Captain Renton contrived to have with her, she was induced to confess that it was her dread of becoming a burden upon him, and, still worse, a blight to his prospects, that had led her to hide her own emotions, and endeavor to repel him by a pretence of capricious indifference.

"I should not have avowed this," she added, "if my cousin Max had not taken upon himself to make such revelations to you that it would be folly to deny the truth; for indeed, Charlie, I have felt all along that it would be better to let you go away believing me a heartless coquette, than to do or say anything that will lead you to indulge in hopes that are never likely to be realized."

But nothing would make the happy lover think with her.

"My dearest Eleanor, why take that desponding view of our difficulties? Is it because you doubt my perseverance? Do you think I shall grow weary of working to make a home for my bright, brave darling?"

"It will be quite excusable if you do," she answered, with one of her merry laughs; "for another half-a-dozen years spent in constant warfare with my step-father will have converted me into a spiteful, miserable vixen, with a red nose and an unbearable temper. I am no dove now; so what I shall be by that time I shudder to imagine; and I should advise you to be warned in time, and not dare the danger."

"You will always be the dear, dear Eleanor I have loved from my boyhood," he fondly told her.

"And who, in those happy days, used to give you smart slaps whenever you offended her! Ah, Charlie, Charlie! take a lesson from the reminiscences, and don't run away with the idea that I shall ever be a submissive wife!"

"I'll risk that, or anything else, so that I have your promise to be mine!"

"Twenty or thirty years hence, do you mean? No, no, dear friend; there shall not be the shadow of an engagement to fetter you. I knew you would wish this, but it must not be! I have done a very foolish thing in owning that I like—well, love you; but I'll not do a worse one!"

"And why not, Eleanor? If you have faith in me, as you say you have, why not give me the inexpressible consolation of knowing that, as soon as I succeed in procuring a regular income—even though it be but a small one—you will make me happy."

"And poor!" she added. "A troubled, dispirited man, condemned to drudge at a desk all your days, for a pittance that would hardly suffice, when earned, to pay the butcher and baker, and the endless items of domestic expenditure."

"I never knew that you attached so much importance to wealth," he said vexedly.

"Neither do I, for myself; but for you, Charlie—oh! can't you understand that it would be my pride, my joy to give you anything, everything, if lay in my power to bestow; and that I shrink from the thought that if I yielded to your prayers *now*, you might on some future day murmur in my hearing, 'It is through my foolish love for you that I am so needy and harassed!'"

"Could I ever be so ungenerous? Do me more justice, Eleanor; or if your predictions are to be realized, and, in spite of my struggles, I never attain wealth or fame, are there not possessions far dearer to a man's heart than those? I have a friend in the regiment who has had many and severe trials; who is even now economizing in every way to pay off a debt incurred for a thoughtless brother; and my friend's wife is in such delicate health that she can rarely quit her sofa. Yet I have seen such looks of tender love and confidence pass between this couple. I know so well that, in spite of sickness and poverty, they are happy in each other, that——"

"That you will end in converting me," cried Eleanor, dashing away a tear. "But I must not let you do this, for I should most assuredly repent it as soon as it was too late to retract."

"My love!" he exclaimed, reproachfully; but she put her hand over his lips.

"Now, Charlie, have done with protestations for awhile, and be contented to know that if I do not marry you, I will never marry anyone else. Hush, sir; no thanks. The concession is not worth much, as you will acknowledge when you have heard me out, for I am thoroughly determined not to come to you dowerless.

"Then you have hopes of prevailing with Mr. Penruan to sanction our union?"

"Not a hope," she retorted. "On the contrary, I feel convinced that my much-coveted forty thousand pounds will never quit his coffers, if by art and subterfuge he can keep it in them."

"Then why do you make a resolution that positively separates us?" the Captain demanded.

"Because that money is rightly, justly mine—the dying gift of one of the best of parents, although the man who pretended to be his friend seeks to withhold it from me by a fraud that my dearest father never dreamed of; and I will never, by act of my own, enable John Penruan to wrest it from me!"

"This is precisely what Max Haveryng declared that you would say; but I, Eleanor—I hoped that your love for me would be stronger than your desire to defy Mr. Penruan."

"I cannot help it if I seem unkind," she answered. "But were I to become yours, every time you had a wish ungratified, I should say to myself, 'Had I what a rogue withholds, this need not be.' However, this is purely a personal matter. I am so constituted that I cannot resolve to make my step-father a present of the forty thousand pounds that should be mine and yours; and yet I love you dearly, Charlie."

"If this be all," he said, when he had kissed her for the tender avowal—"if this be all, my love——"

"But it is not. I have duties here which I cannot set aside even for your sake. There is my mother to be considered."

"Nay, love; Mrs. Penruan cannot feel herself aggrieved by your marriage," Captain Renton objected.

"Possibly not; for she likes you, Charlie. She is your friend and champion on all occasions."

"And she can do without you so much better than I can, darling. She has her home, her husband——"

"And her pet ailments," said Eleanor, with a slight smile. "I know that she would not miss me much. After our parting, she would soon contrive to make herself as happy without as with me. She does not comprehend how much she needs my presence."

"Of course she would miss you—who would not? But, indeed, dear, I cannot see in what way she really requires you to remain at the Abbey. In fact,—only you must not think me ungenerous in saying this of one who has always received me with so much kindness—Mrs. Penruan strikes me as being too much engrossed in her own symptoms to care very much whether you are with her or not.

Eleanor sighed, but did not contradict him.

"Poor mamma! It saddens me to see how very much imaginary troubles have changed her. But don't you understand that it is precisely because she has grown so inert and credulous, and may easily be frightened into thinking she is dying, that I ought not to leave her?"

Captain Renton shook his head.

"No, love; I must confess that I do not see the force of your arguments."

"Listen, then!"—and Eleanor drew closer to him—"and if I misjudge my hated stepfather, may Heaven and you forgive me!"

"I think you are disposed to be hard upon Mr. Penruan," the Captain so frankly told her, that her bosom heaved with tumultuous emotions, and she could not resist a sarcastic retort.

"I like to hear you pleading for a more merciful interpretation of the sayings and doings of the man whose greed of gold keeps us apart!"

"My dearest Eleanor, a poor, fallible mortal may be covetous and miserly, without being utterly a villain."

"Ay; but do you forget that when an evil spirit is once admitted into the heart, it brings others in its train? You think me harsh in my judgment, so does Max Haveryng; for neither of you know all I could tell you, nor have watched John Penruan as closely as I have done. But setting this aside, and allowing that avarice is his worst vice, do you forget how great a temptation I should put before him, by leaving my mother utterly in his power?"

Captain Renton looked perplexed.

"Remember," Eleanor whispered, "that the dowry I should forfeit by wedding without Mr. Penruan's sanction would lapse to my mother, who would be perfectly at liberty to will it, with her own private income, to whom she pleases."

"And she would do you justice, my dearest. She would bequeath it to her child?"

"*Would her husband let her do so?* And when influenced by the man whose vicshe dreads, and whom she never ventures to oppose, she had willed all to him, how long would she live? Charlie, I have an innate conviction that if I selfishly left my mother to the tender mercies of her tyrant, she would soon become the invalid she now fancies herself, and, harassed or frightened by constant unkindness, sink ere long into her grave."

"What a horrible climax you are imagining my love! I dare not think with you; for if I did, I should be afraid to leave you in the hands of such a monster as Mr. Penruan!"

"Nay; he is no monster—only a crafty, greedy man, fully alive to his own interests, and thinking nothing unfair that will further them. He has, moreover, a temper so violent, that it has sometimes hurried him into deeds one shudders to recall."

"On the whole, then," said Captain Renton, trying to take a more cheerful tone, "our worthy stepfather is not a bright specimen of humanity. However, before we set him down as totally base and irreclaimable, I will go lay my proposals before him. If I do obtain a positive statement of his intentions—that is, a plain yes or no to my request to be accepted as your suitor—we will both of us think well of him for the rest of our lives."

"He will only fence with and evade you," sighed Eleanor; "I am convinced of it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE COQUETTE.

BY DAISY HOWARD.

Frank Savage had lived for five-and-twenty years, and laughed at love until he met Isabella Davis, whose handsome face and charming conversation captivated his heart.

"Beware!" said Frank's sister, one afternoon when they were alone. "Bella Davis is a coquette. She will amuse herself with you for awhile, and then discard you."

"Perhaps," said Frank, smiling, "she is a coquette; but if she is not devoid of heart, she can be made to love."

"You are no judge of woman, or you would not speak so about Bella Davis," said his sister. "If she possessed a noble heart, she could not trifle with the affections of men. Now, dear brother, take the advice of a sister, and bestow your affection on one more worthy. Who knows how many victims she has in Paris, where she has passed the last four years?"

Frank's face looked troubled. Others had been led on by Bella Davis's winning ways, and were then cast off without a reason; and perhaps the same fate was in store for him.

"Much as I value a sister's love, I cannot give Bella up until I know her to be false. I love and adore her; from the time I first looked upon her face, I have not for a moment ceased to think of her, and I cannot, no, I will not, cease to adore, until I have sounded the depths of her love."

It was on a beautiful summer evening that Frank Savage, with Bella Davis leaning upon his arm, strolled down to the seashore.

"Bella," said Frank, and he looked down at the rolling sea, as if to gather words from the restless waves, "do you really love me?"

"Oh, Frank! How can you—how dare you ask such a question?"

"I have reason," was the cold response.

"Did I ever give you cause to think so?" And Bella turned her blue eyes up to see the effect of her answer.

The color of his cheeks grew deeper.

"And have you thus trifled with my love?"

"No; but I thought you understood me, Frank. Are you really serious?"

"Would I ask such a question for mere amusement? No; I have worshipped you, but I have loved blindly."

He turned from her; but she clung to him, and begged with tearful eyes that he would not leave her. It was late when they returned from their evening walk, and Frank was happy in the thought of soon leading Bella to the altar.

It was soon whispered that Frank Savage and Bella Davis were betrothed. Those who knew the coquette best, thought it to be one of her many flirtations.

Another month, and Frank Savage and Isabella Davis would be man and wife. But, alas! for human hopes.

One evening, while Frank was sitting in his room quietly reading, he was aroused by a loud rap at the door, and, without rising, bade the applicant enter. The door opened and a stranger entered; from outward appearances, one would judge him to be a foreigner. The stranger, on entering, bowed, and addressing the occupant of the room, asked him if his name were not Savage.

"It is," was the answer.

"I have another question to ask," said the stranger.

"Proceed, and I will use my own judgment as to answering."

"Is it true that you are soon to wed Miss Isabella Davis?"

"That is my business, sir; but if it interests you in any manner, I can say that I expect to have that honor."

The face of the stranger changed to marble whiteness, and for a moment he stood motionless; it was for a moment only, however. Taking from his pocket a letter, he gave it to Frank, remarking at the same time, that Miss Davis had plighted her troth to him.

"But, if you are a man of honor," said the stranger, addressing Frank, "you will not hesitate to risk your life to possess her."

The stranger handed the other his card, and was about to take his leave, when Savage said, "I am no coward; but it is useless to risk or take a life until I have proof of Bella's unfaithfulness.

The stranger bowed, and promising to call on the following evening, he took his leave. Frank went immediately in search of Miss Davis. Although the hour was late, Bella had not retired, and he soon found himself alone with her. She greeted him with a smile—all lovers were treated to that luxury—but her smiles soon disappeared when he made known the object of his visit.

"Bella," he said, "When I asked you for your hand, I did not dream that it was then plighted to a rival claimant. But I have in my possession a letter, written by you, in which you promise to wed another."

Had a bombshell burst at her feet, it could not have astonished her more. The color vanished from her cheeks, and she sank, trembling, into a chair.

"Oh, Bella!" continued Frank; "I did not think this of you. I turned a deaf ear to those who chose to tell me of your falseness. I loved you fondly, and this is my reward! Nothing now remains to me but to bid you a last good-bye."

He stooped to imprint upon her cheek a farewell kiss; she clung to him, and begged and pleaded with him not to leave her; but he tore himself from her embrace, and he was gone from her sight forever.

The next morning found Frank Savage on his way to a foreign country. He had enlisted in the French army, rose to the rank of colonel, and died, fighting at the head of his regiment.

We must say a few words as to the fate of the coquette.

There now stands, near the spot where Isabella Davis plighted her troth to Frank Savage, a small house. The fierce winds of forty winters, and the scorching sun of as many summers, have made sad havoc with its outward appearance. The once proud and petted child of fortune, the fairest of the fair, the favorite of the ball-room, where beauty had brought a score of lovers at her feet, is the lonely occupant of the old house. The hair that once fell in golden curls over her shoulders, is now reduced to a few silvery threads, and time has furrowed deep ridges in the once rosy cheek; the form that was once pointed out as a model of beauty, now leans on a staff for support. Her home is cheerless, and her fireside unoccupied; life to her is devoid of charm; weary of the world, and unknown to its enjoyment, she lives, and with benumbed fingers, and a chill old age, has reason to lament her indiscretions.

So ends the story of Isabella Davis, the coquette.

## HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

BY EMILY FAITHFULL.

Amongst the many questions that are being agitated concerning the proper forms of education for women, we must not lose sight of the great importance of instruction in the housekeeping, food and cooking departments. There are many women who, while repudiating or ridiculing the necessity for a higher education in other matters, are no less scornfully ignorant of what ought to be a very important part in every woman's knowledge. There are other women again, who, in grasping earnestly the higher, lose sight of the lower, but not the less appropriate, part of the education. When we consider this subject carefully, in relation to every woman's life, we find that in no instance can the knowledge of housekeeping and cookery be dispensed with. The only women—few and far between, in comparison with the number of other women—who *might* be able to dispense with this, are those who are so wealthy that they can afford the luxury of a housekeeper; but even these may be plunged into poverty some day, and the requisite knowledge of practical things will not come badly to them. Besides, as no woman can be certain that she will be thrown into that particular sphere, it is well in early youth to accustom every woman to look upon life as a practical reality,—not to be dreamt away in idleness, and contempt of the lesser daily duties. This knowledge can be inculcated before the higher branches of education are reached, and it ought to form part of the programme of every girl's school, as well as of instruction at home. There would be ample time for it, for there are accomplishments which are insisted upon for girls, whether they have a talent for them or not; and they would be much better employed in acquiring more practical forms of education. It does not necessarily follow that, because a woman has a fair amount of practical knowledge, she must lose all female sweetness, and become a mere household drudge. On the contrary, the so-called household drudge seldom knows anything of the science of cookery and food. And this knowledge, far from interfering with higher education, in any form or phase, is a real necessity of that very movement for opening fresh employments, and for the more technical education of women.

First, we will suppose that a woman has been well-educated, and that her lot in life is to be married, and that she is not one of the exceptionally wealthy ones. Will she not be the better wife for a knowledge of the physiological properties of food, and of the best mode of cooking the same? If she does not know what is the fault of the ill-cooked viand that her cook sends up to the table, how is she to direct her to rectify it for next time? And frequent repetitions of bad cookery are sure to put her husband in a bad temper, and perhaps drive him to his club, so that he may get a good dinner! He will most likely blame his wife for not being able to direct the cookery department more wisely. As a rule men care more than women do for good cookery; and, assuredly, it should not be considered beneath a wife to see that her husband's home is made happy, and that her household is well ordered in all things.

So, then, with a view to matrimony alone, every woman should be taught domestic management, and in her turn she ought to instil that knowledge into the minds of her daughters.

We will suppose, however, that a woman—and her name is Legion!—has no husband to please, or household to order, but that she is going to enter upon the medical profession, or to be hospital nurse, matron or superintendent of any public institution, a housekeeper, or a sister of mercy, or that she is going to emigrate. Will she not require culinary knowledge for every one of these things?

First, as a physician, she must know what is good or not good for her patients; for, if she be anything of a successful practitioner, she will find that diet is everything in many diseases. As a matron, superintendent or housekeeper, she must know how to direct the servants under her; and both in hospitals and schools the quality and mode of cookery of food is very important, and in many cases not sufficiently attended to. As a hospital nurse, she will not be the worse for practical knowledge of what she administering to the patients; and, as a sister of mercy, it is equally important that she be qualified to instruct the poor whom she visits, for whom she visits, for they might often be better and more wholesomely fed by the mere knowledge of how to utilize the small means they possess. And if a woman means to emigrate, it needs no argument to prove how idiotic she will be to undertake a colonist's life, without that most necessary practical knowledge of domestic economy.

We see then that, in every station of life, the knowledge of the quality of food, and how to cook, is very essential to womankind,—to enable them to make others happy and comfortable; by qualifying them to detect adulterations or bad qualities of food; and to prescribe the best food for sick people under their care.

**Worthless Imitations**

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### MEMORIES

BY FATHER RYAN.

They come as the breezes come over the foam,
Waking the waves that are sinking to sleep,
The fairest of memories far away from home,
The dim dream of faces beyond the dark deep.

They come as the stars come out in the sky,
That shimmer wherever the shadows may sweep;
And their steps are as soft as the sound of a sigh,
And I welcome them all while I wearily weep.

They come as a song comes out of the past,
As loved mother murmured in days that are dead—
Whose tones, spirit-thrilling, live on to the last,
Where the gloom of the heart wraps its gray o'er the head.

They come like ghosts from the grass-shrouded graves,
And they follow our footsteps on life's winding way;
And they murmur around us as murmur the waves
That sigh on the shore at the dying of day.

They come—and as tears to the eyes that are bright;
They come—sweet as smiles to the lips that are pale;
They come—fair as flowers in the lone, lovely vale.

There is not a heart that is not haunted so;
Though far we may stray from the scenes of the past,
Its memories follow wherever we go,
And the days that were first away the days that were last.

## THE CHILD-STEALER;

OR

## THE DANCE HOUSE OF CHERRY STREET.

BY DR. WILLIAM E. FAHY.

### CHAPTER I.

AN ALMOST BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER.

I am somewhat of a sybarite, but if I am, I am a homely one. By the above introduction, I simply mean that I enjoy home comforts with a zest of feeling, which no one not following my laborious and dangerous career can appreciate. For any, dear reader, the occupation of a Detective, is I assure you, anything but a sinecure. At times following the track of a desperate and wily fugitive from justice through the vilest haunts of a crime-ridden city, and again carrying the wretch when captured over thousands of miles of country, by rail, by water, by stage coach; aye, often on the back of some raw-boned Rosinante of a horse, until arrived at the place where his presence is needed, I unlock the fetters from his weary and chafed limbs, and consign him to the dungeon from which the Goddess of Justice consigns him either to the halter or imprisonment for life. Verily, "the way of the transgressor is hard," and hard indeed is the life of that vigilant officer of the law, the detective, who, through summers' heat and winter's snow, sleepless, watchful, remorseless and keen-eyed, tracks him to his lair, and sternly tells him, "he is wanted."

And after all this task of fatigue and danger is past, how joyfully he seeks for a short period the joys and comforts of Home. A sybarite! no sybarite that ever lived enjoyed himself more serenely than J. Maurice Edwin Bartmorn, chief detective and partner in the great Detective Bureau Agency of Ferret & Co., in the great city of C——, for the office had been moved from St. Louis to a more central situation.

And why should I not enjoy myself? A beautiful wife, faithful, kind, loving and true; a comfortable, nay, elegant home, and will I say it?—nay, do not blush my dear readers—a little, bald-headed tyrant from no man's land—a rollicking, shrieking, screaming, kicking, hair pulling,—baby. "Goodness me! Why, my dear, he has smashed my china punch bowl—the little scamp—the little wre——. Eh! Oh, ah! a letter, Jinney! Well, hand it here and help your mistress to pick up them pieces of china scattered on the carpet."

I looked at the superscription on the back, gave the glowing coals a rake with the poker, placed my slippered feet on the fender and opening the letter commenced to read:—

JOHNNY COX'S ALL SORTS, CHERRY ST., Alldelfer, Jinivverry the 3, 18—

MR. BARTMORN,
Dertective,

SUR:—Him as yer wants is here—if he is a croaker, I am doin rong in givin away. He he has plenty of rino but I ain't seen the kid with him yet. I'm afreed the kid is a goner and the joskin you are arter his croaker, or so Johnny will help you *sure*. Kum quick as yer get this.

JOHNNY COX.

This epistle, which I presume is totally unintelligible to the reader, but which will be thoroughly understood ere my narrative terminates, caused me to jump so quickly from my chair that my wife gave a start of surprise and alarm, and my little heir in her lap commenced such a series of infantile yelps and screams that I fain had to close my ears with my fingers.

"Why, Bartmorn, my dear," said my wife, "how you startled us to be sure."

"I should think so," I said, "from the way that blessed little imp screams. Do for heavens' sake, my dear, stop his mouth with a lump of sugar."

The baby was soon quieted, and I told my wife, as I took my heavy travelling overcoat from the head of the sofa, that I was off for Philadelphia.

A detective's wife is used to all this, and my Mary was not the woman to question, whine and complain when she knew her husband had a duty to perform. "God bless sensible women, ugly or pretty; they are God's dear angels in disguise." A quick movement towards the cradle, a little bundle of kicking, cooing, laughing humanity was placed therein. A few deft movements of white, tapering fingers a valise was packed, a loving kiss given and as fervently returned, and in a few moments more I was in the cold, nearly deserted street, my boots creaking on the crisp snow that covered the granite pavement, making my way to the eastern bound train.

Who that has travelled through the medium of the mighty monster steam, over the roads that in the "aulden days of yore," were traversed by the heavy, lumbering stage-coach, and the slow, plodding wagon and team, has not realized as he whirls through the air at the rate of forty miles an hour or more, seated in the luxuriously appointed carriages of the Pan Handle or Erie, the mighty change between the "then" and "now."

"Bind me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain."

sings the "poet of the rail," and well did he understand the tremendous power that lies within the breast of that wonderful achievement of the human mind, the locomotive.

"Shir-r-r-r-r-r, ding—ding—ding—ding, bum-rumnum!"

"Philadelphia!"

"Was it possible? Why, bless me, 'twas but a few moments ago, since I laid me down on one of the comfortable beds in the "Pullman," at C——.

"Hack, sir? Carriage! This way for the National!"

"Washington, Market and Ninth!"

"Baggage, sir!"

"Phila-del-phi-er!"

These and a perfect babel of other uncouth sounds, roars of laughter, shouts of hackmen, calls for checks, blended with the shrill whistle of the "Iron horse," convinced me that I was not dreaming, but had arrived at the end of my destination. Calling a carriage, I shouted 48 Walnut street, jumped in, and after a few moments of rattling and jolting over the macadamized pavement, my conveyance stopped before the steps of a brown stone front on Walnut street. A few moments more and I was seated in an elegant parlor adorned with all the luxurious appointments which wealth could bestow and refinement appreciate.

"My son, Mr. Bartmorn. What news of my son?"

The speaker was a most beautiful female, not more than twenty-eight or thirty years of age, and her clear, hazel eyes, lit up with anxious expectancy, were certainly the brightest I ever saw.

"Give Mr. Bartmorn time to rest a little, my love." John, bring wine and cake!

The last speaker was a noble looking specimen of manhood, a fitting mate for the lovely being that sat by his side.

Oh Dick, love, I am so anxious. Mr. Bartmorn, I trust, will pardon my selfishness; forgive me, pray, my dear sir?"

I bowed and replied, my dear Madam, I have news of the lost one, and I trust if he is living, to restore him to your arms ere the city bells toll the midnight hour.

"If he is living!" My God! sir, you do not mean—and the lady turned the hue of death. "Compose yourself, my dear Mrs. Van Paul—I—I was hasty—there is little or no danger—in fact, I have sound reasons to believe him sound and well."

Heaven forgive the white lie, for it was told to ease a nearly broken-hearted mother's mind. "Oh, my boy, my darling little golden-headed Maurice, restore him to me, Mr. Blackmorn, and a fond mother's prayers will ever follow you and yours;" and Mrs. Van Paul cast herself face downward on the divan on which she was seated, and sobbed convulsively.

Mr. Van Paul arose, and stepping over to where she lay, placed his hand on her golden hair and said: "Come, come, cheery love, this will never do; compose yourself, darling, and trust to the well-known skill of Mr. Blackmorn. "Come dear, let me lead you to your room, and, for my sake, love, be calm."

The lady sighed, arose, and walking over to me, placed two lovely hands in mine, and with a look I will not forget to my dying day, said:

"God's blessings on your efforts, my dear sir, to restore to a heart-broken mother her darling lost boy." She left the room, leaning on her husband's arm, and for a few moments I was alone.

I gazed around me, my feet sank deep into an elegant brussels carpet. I reposed in a chair the cost of which would supply the wants of a poor family for six months, before me reflecting my meditative, handsome, (oh, vanity!) visage, a magnificently carved and gilded frame holding a costly venetian mirror, fauteuils, divans, ornamental Japanese tables holding alabaster vases filled with rare and delicate flowers, statuettes of Parian marble on the massive Egyptian mantel, a chandelier above me reflecting the soft glow of its four argand lamps on rare master-pieces of the old masters which hung on the silver-papered walls, rich damask curtains drooping gracefully over the large oriel windows. Wealth, unlimited wealth, displayed itself wherever my vision fell—and yet—and yet—the angel of misery had its habitation here as well as amid the gaunt poverty of the famine-stricken poor.

Murmur not, oh ye famishing ones! a hungry body *can* find relief, but what ailment is food to a hungry, despairing soul, though it be cased in velvet and gold?

### CHAPTER II.

JOHNNY COX'S "ALL SORTS."

There are in the great cities of this world a host of dens (for no other name could be more appropriate) which are an execrable horror, view them in any light you may. The "Gin Palace" of London, the "Chiffoniers Salons" of Paris, the "Shebeens" of Dublin, the "doggeries" of Water street, New York, &c., &c., but of all the vile and horrible institutions invented by the depraved mind of man through the instrumentality of the "Arch Fiend" none was or could be more horrible in all its devices to entrap the soul of man than "Johnny Cox's All Sorts," Cherry street, Philadelphia, as it was when in its glory, some twenty-five years ago. There the poor sailor after wandering over old Ocean's brine for many weary toilsome years, in one short night lost all the accumulations of his honest, laborious work. There the mechanic every Saturday night spent his week's earnings on its loathsome female inmates and bemuddled his brain with the "liquid poison of hell," so flauntingly displayed on the shelves of its foul smelling bar room.

After I left Mrs. Van Paul's, I proceeded towards Cherry street, having first changed my external appearance by incasing myself in a rough and ragged suit of apparel. Any one to look at me would have supposed I was one of those miserable beings known as "Johnny's bummers." A walk of half an hour brought me to Johnnys' den, and when I entered I gave a sly sign to that worthy himself who was behind his bar mixing the liquid fire into a palatable decoction to be guzzled by some one of his cadaverous red-nosed patrons. As the reader may be somewhat interested in a brief description of this famous "half way house to hell," I will pause for a moment in the regular current of my narrative and attempt a description of it. Centrally located on the west side of a filthy street, redolent with noisome odor, a glaring sign in front, informing you that this was

"JOHNNY COX'S RETREAT."

All Sorts Always on Hand.

1 cent per glass—"Balls Nightly."

Now let us walk into the interior—a large room—the floor sanded, a huge stove in the centre around which are ten or twelve degraded specimens of humanity "clad in most debasing rags," two or three of them guzzling "hot punch," while the others evidently too impecunious to indulge in the luxury and gazing on their more fortunate companions with looks of mingled envy, expectation (of an invitation to drink) and regard—for the more a "soaker" is enabled to call for at the bar the more wretched bummers—themselves "broke"—have for the lucky individual.

As for the other portions of the room there was little or no difference between it and other bar rooms, all the usual temptations which arouse the passions and inflame the mind were in profusion. Lewd pictures, sporting pictures, drinking pictures, pictures of all kinds; for "Johnny" was somewhat of an art lover, and prided himself on his refinement and taste in that line. Let us pass through the bar room, and opening this door on the left, enter and see what is before us. Hum!—now we have it! What can this strange scene mean? Surely not a prayer meeting. A large room about 60 feet deep and 40 broad, at its furthest extremity a large pulpit-shaped alcove, and around the room close to the walls a continuous line of benches filled with men, women, and God in heaven! children. Oh could the philanthrophist, the missionary, the Minister of the Lord's Gospel have been in that room viewing it now, how all the instincts of their noble natures would have been shocked, to behold this hideous vision in a Christian land—in a truly Christian city, for these wretched beings were the pariahs of society; sans religion, sans honor, sans morality, sans all things which go to make the noble man or woman. All nationalities were here represented; the degraded Irish courtesan, the more "flashy" American girl, and even "Deutschland" was represented, for over on you bench sits a 300lb avoirdupois Bremen girl, grinning hideous love at a Norwegian sailor. And here comes towards me a little female cupid, listen to our conversation and judge ye, oh Saintly Pharisees, who send your thousands yearly to Dahomey or "Boor i boola ga" to convert the savage, and button your pockets closely when asked for aid to cleanse the slums of your native cities of their vile pollutions:

"What's your name, dear?"

"None of your business, sir!"

She was *only about* twelve years old—

"Where do you live?"

"At home cully—now aint you sharp—why don't yer ax me to hev a drink before you bother a gal with questions!" and she tripped off lightly to the centre of the room turning a piroquet on her toes and laughed hilariously.

In another moment she was seated in the lap of a huge, grinning, coal-black "Kanacka" sailor.

Only twelve years old—a child beautiful to look upon—yet through vicious training and the force of untoward circumstances—which might have been obviated by proper care for her class by the wealthy—a vile debased child with all the foul passions of hell rampant in her breast.

* * * * * * * *

A crash of ear-splitting sounds, from violin, clarionet and hautboy, a rushing of many feet to the centre of the floor, ejaculations in Dutch, Irish, English, Spanish and Norwegian, a very babel of confused tongues male and female.

"Voley danse, mon cher?"

"Wilst du daunce?"

"Your hand for the first cotillian Jinney!"

"Be the powers, Molly avic, let us thrip it!"

"I'm a butcher, I am, if you don't believe it smell my boots—who will be the gal for Jake of '49,' don't all speak at once!"

"Form sets!"

"Partners to your places!"

"All promenade!"

And to the sound of the most villainous music that ever distracted mortal ears, the "Nightly Ball" opened at "Johnny's Retreat."

As I gazed, filled with inward disgust, yet outwardly seeming to enjoy the bacchanalian orgie—so deceptive must be the countenance of a detective who thoroughly understands his business—I heard a low whisper in my ear. I never turned my head, but stood immovable as a statue:

"The joskin has come!"

My lips scarcely moved as I replied, "introduce me, 'Shorty Dick' just out of grand quay!"

"All rock!" and the whisperer moved from my side.

In a few moments a young brazen-faced female, the furrows on her cheeks and brow thickly filled with chalk and rouge, tripped up to me and laying her hand lightly on my shoulder, said, "Cully, Johnny wants you in the back parlor."

"All right, my dear," I replied, chucking her under the chin, "I'll see him," and I left the dance-room and entering the bar, passed through a small door-way into Johnny Cox's sanctum—his private parlor, where only his most intimate friends were ever invited. I found Johnny seated at a table opposite a man whom I scanned with a quick and comprehensive glance.

"This is 'Shorty Dick,' Jack," said Cox, "and I'll leave you here to have your say in private." So saying Johnny Cox arose and left the room.

The man before me was evidently, now, the most depraved and guilty of human beings; every line of his once handsome features bore the stamp of atrocious villainy—deep-set black eyes peering from under heavy black eye-brows, short curly coal-black hair, a forehead corrugated by the vilest dissipations and lurid passions; features bloated, inflamed and florid, from the fumes of deadly alcholic stimulants; a mouth, sensual and determined, as evinced by the close set lips when not speaking; broad shoulders, and a full, well-developed chest, completed the *tout ensemble* of one of the most remarkable ruffians that ever prowled in the midnight hour through the streets of Philadelphia.

"'Gentleman Jack' the bully par excellence, of Cherry street."

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Cully," he said, offering his muscular hand.

I took it and shook it heartily.

"Just from 'Grand,' eh!" he inquired, eyeing me closely.

"Just out," I replied.

"Cherry Hill or Moya?"

"Moya!"

"Hard old crib, that."

"Pretty hard," I answered.

"Got any blunt?"

"Not much."

"Hum!"

There was a short pause in this interesting dialogue, during which I took the liberty of sitting down in the seat vacated by Cox and helped myself to a glass of wine from a decanter on the table.

"Poor stuff that," said Gentleman Jack; "let us have some brandy."

"No, thank you, pard," I replied, "not now, I need a clear head, and I'm too soon out of Moya to go anything strong."

"Your head is level. What I wouldn't feel, would make you drink as a lord. I like you all the better for that answer, and now to business. Johnny has vouched for you, and I don't need no better recommendation. I want your aid in a scheme, which if successful, will put money in your pocket. I aint going to talk about it here; you must accompany me to my home and then I will let you know all about it. Come and let us go."

We passed into the bar-room, which was vacated with the exception of Johnny, who leaned lazily over his counter, and three sailors who sat on the opposite side of the stove, facing Cox.

"Going?" remarked Johnny as we entered the room.

"Yes," said Gentleman Jack; "biz is biz."

"That's so, bless your starboard portbole," remarked one of the sailors.

Gentleman Jack flashed an angry glance at the speaker.

I made a rapid motion with my hand to "Johnny," while Jack's back was turned. His face turned livid for a second and then resumed its natural florid appearance.

Johnny Cox was aware that duplicity on his part meant certain ruin and maybe death.

"It's all right," he said, placing a peculiar emphasis on the last two words, which four men in that room understood, but which Gentleman Jack presumed was addressed to him alone.

He turned from gazing on the sailor who had confirmed his axiom that "biz was biz," just as Johnny in another tone said:

"All right, Jack; don't quarrel with my customers; the gentleman meant no offense."

"I don't like strangers to put in their gab when they ain't axed," growled the "Gentleman."

"No offense, my hearty," replied the sailor; "we're three tars just off a cruise, and want to make acquaintance with the land folks—that's all."

"Oh, well, if that's all," replied Gentleman Jack, "least said is soonest mended on my part; so let's drink."

The glasses were set out and each called for his favorite drink. I contented myself with a cigar and walked out into the street, where I was joined a moment after by my new found partner.

"How came you by the name of 'Gentleman Jack?'" I queried as we walked along toward the South Wharf.

"I was at one time in reality a gentleman," he replied. "A medical student in good standing, and connected with some of the most aristocratic families of Philadelphia; but cards, dice love and whisky were my ruin. I am now a pariah—an outcast from society—a vile criminal, desperate man, and—well, however, it's nobody's business but my own; so ask me no more questions on that score. I ain't the only one,—every city has its ruined gentlemen of fortune, only I am the worst you could pick up anywhere, for my great physical powers are on a par with my monstrous aptitude for crime. Shut up now and don't question me any more."

I respected his request and walked by his side in silence until we entered a dark and noisome alley on the west side of the great South Wharf.

I do not believe I am a coward, but as I entered that dark and dismal alley, my two hands slipped instinctively into my coat pockets and grasped convulsively two well-loaded Colt's revolvers.

Over filthy garbage; through thick, oozy, slimy mud; hemmed in by huge brick walls on either side, my elbows brushing against their cold, dark surfaces and the knowledge that walking before me, leading me, Heaven knew where, was a cold-blooded *suspected* murderer and *known* thief and desperado, who could and would crush the life out of me in an instant were he aware of whom I really was, caused me no very pleasant reflections. However, in a few moments all this ended. Two quick raps at a door in the side of the wall; the rattling of falling chains and the withdrawal of bolts were the precursory movements to our admission into a well-lighted and carpeted hallway.

I gazed around me as I entered, and saw at a glance that I was in the vestibule of a house of ill-repute.

"Is Dorry upstairs?" said Gentleman Jack to the female who admitted us.

"She is," was the reply.

"Tell her to bring the kid!"

The servant departed and in a few moments one of those unfortunate creatures who had fallen from the paths of virgin honor to the lowest depths of female depravity, degradation and woe, stood before us, holding in her arms fast asleep, a beautiful curly-headed boy, between four and five years of age.

Thank God! At last I beheld the dear child that was causing a doting mother's heart such unutterable woe.

"You ain't going to croak the kid, are you Jack?" inquired the woman who held him in her arms.

"You pass him here and mind your own business," replied Jack, with an oath, as he cast his fiery eyes savagely on the woman.

She quailed like a reed before the storm blast.

"Take him!" she said, and with a shiver that seemed to pervade her whole frame, turned quickly and darted rapidly up the stairs and out of sight.

"Take the kid, Shorty!" said Gentleman Jack; "here!" and he snatched a heavy shawl from a rack in the hall-way, "wrap the brat in this, and if he wakes and squeals smother his cries in it. Open the door, you! and don't stand shivering like a cat in a wet blanket!"

The last words were addressed to the servant who had admitted us. She quickly unbolted the door, and in a few moments we were in the street.

"To the end of the South Wharf, quick!" said my companion, leading the way, I following rapidly and with a beating heart.

In a few moments we stood on the deserted wharf; the dark waters of the river rippling mournfully against its wooden walls.

"Now you Shorty, listen! You are in the power of a desperate man—do as I tell you and I will give you one hundred dollars, two minutes afterwards—refuse, and you die!"

"What is your will?" I asked, cooly.

"Take this plaster, stick it over the child's mouth, and pitch the brat into the water. Quick, don't hesitate a moment, or——"

"It may not sink," I said. "Its clothes may buoy it up till rescued by some night boat."

"True, by Heaven!" he replied. "Wait, I will get a stone from the street." He darted to the street end of the wharf, stooped, gave a howl like a tiger, and in an instant was on his back, sorely wounded and firmly handcuffed.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" I yelled, "The child is ours!"

Three sailors walked calmly up to meet me, and one of them said:

"Where now, Bartmorn?"

"To Van Pauls', Walnut Street," I replied, as pressing the dear child closely to my heart to warm it, (for the night was chilly) I stepped briskly towards the street.

"The prisoner?" queried one of the sailors.

"Bring him along to Van Pauls'!" I replied.

Twenty minutes more and I was again in the sumptuous parlor of the Van Pauls', and an overjoyed mother was showering blessings on my head for the restoration of her darling boy.

* * * * * * * *

A wretched, guilty man lay in the despairing agonies of death, on the crimson lined divan. A pair of steel handcuffs lay open on the carpet.

Three men only were in the room of death—myself, Richard Van Paul, and the dying one on the couch.

Richard Van Paul, pale as the Parian marble from which the statuette on the mantel were carved, approached the dying man, and laying his trembling hand on his brow, said:

"Charles, I forgive you—pray!

"Pray! pray! for what? to whom?" said the dying man in a weak voice. "No! no! I fear not death, am glad to die, and, mark me, Richard Van Paul, I die cursing the brother who stole from me the affections of the only woman I ever loved. Oh! if my vengeance had been but accomplished, I would die happy. But no, curse that detective, the brat lives still, a joy to the father who stole, aye *stole*, his mother from me, and made her his bride. Curse you both—curse you all."

A gurgle, a rattle in the throat, and the wretched criminal, Charles Van Paul, was in the presence of—I trust—a merciful, forgiving God.

Fifteen years have strewn their blessings in my path, and marked their furrows on my brow, yet that night's work and its sequel, is as vivid to my mind now as it was the hour I restored to a heart-broken mother her stolen child.

"Now, my dear Mr. Bartmorn, you are so mysterious, who were them three sailors?"

"Bless your hearts, my little dears, I did forget to mention that. Well, like myself, they were detectives, whom I called upon to aid me ere I went to Johnny Cox's."

"And this Johnny Cox he——?"

"Betrayed 'Gentleman Jack,' for three powerful reasons:—First, he was afraid of him; secondly, he was afraid of the law, as represented in my humble person; and, thirdly, he loved the yellow gold, and Judas like, betrayed the man for it, and the other two reasons, no less powerful."

"Is he living?"

"I know not, my dears, but this I do know, in the great advance of civilization in this Centennial year such a place as 'Johnny Cox's all sorts,' in Philadelphia is next to an impossibility. Of course there are still, I am sorry to say, dance houses, but they are not on such an open villainous scale. The police surveillance is——"

"Why was it called 'Johnny Cox's all sorts?'"

"Ha! Ha! Well truly it was a funny name, but here is a solution to it. The wide awake Johnny knew that there were thousands of 'bummers' in Philadelphia who could not at all times command five cents for a drink. So every night he would empty the contents of a barrel he had behind the counter into a beautifully labeled half hogshead, in the centre of his bar. The legend on the barrel in golden letters read thus:

"All sorts, one cent a glass."

"And pray what was 'All sorts?'"

"Brandy, gin, rum, whiskey, beer, lemonade, and 'slops' generally, the refuse of the bar, thus economically saved to the utter destruction, morally and physically, of the unfortunate wretches who drank it."

And thus, dear reader, I conclude my true story of "The Stolen Child."

## AN ITALIAN SKY AT SUNSET.

BY MRS. K. C. BRUSH.

"All its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical vanity diffuse;
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the Dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone and all is gray."

It is indeed beautiful! In many portions of Italy travellers select the sunset hour for enjoying the prospect of the surrounding country. This is especially the case with the Cathedral at Milan, from whose dome the widest and loveliest view in Italy is offered to the eye. "What a magnificent Cathedral! Sublime creation of art! Its forests of pinnacles—its wilderness of tracery, delicately marked against the grey sky! the impression sinks deeper and deeper into the mind. Wonderful! wonderful!"

But to the sunset. Could we see the beauties of our own country portrayed as gloriously as those in foreign lands, and have our judgment uninfluenced by bias, I venture the opinion we would see as gorgeous sunsets at particular seasons of the year as they have in Italy. For instance, sailing up the Hudson, or taking the trains from New York to Philadelphia on a clear autumn afternoon, when the maples are dressed in their crimson robes, together with the variegated hues of the different forest trees, a cloudless sky and the western horizon all aglow, the radiant sun almost bursting with its fullness of beauty, its face tinged more deeply by the cool autumn wind, and the moon advancing as a page to light the sun to its slumbering couch. Here I desist; it needs a painter's brush to give the glowing tints.

Again, in the valley of the Hudson, on the Catskills or White Mountains, or on the line of the Erie Railroad—Starrucca Vale for instance—we have as lovely sights as are dreamed of out of Paradise. We will grant that the Italian sunset is beautiful, but behold the magnificence of nature's pencilling in our own land. In the Connecticut Valley and along the Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania the Juniata, and in the Alleghany's, gems of sunsets will repay a visit from the lovers of Italian skies.

## MEMORY.

The problem of memory is closely connected with the question of the mechanical relation between thought and structure. How intimate is the alliance of memory with the material condition of the brain, is shown by the effect of age, of disease, of a blow, of intoxication. We have known an aged person repeat the same question five, six, or seven times, during the same brief visit. An eminent surgeon was once asked to see a woman who had just been injured in the street. On coming to herself, "Where am I?—what has happened?" she asked. "Knocked down by a horse, ma'am—stunned a little—that is all." A pause—while one with moderate haste might count a hundred—and then again, "Where am I?—what has happened?" "Knocked down by a horse, ma'am—stunned a little—that is all." Another pause, and the same question again, and so on during the whole time I was with her. The same tendency to repeat a question indefinitely has been observed in returning memories of those worshiping assemblies whose favorite hymn is, "We won't go home till morning."

Is memory, then, a material record? Are the brains like the rocks of the Sinaitic valley, written all over with inscriptions, left by the long caravans of thought, as they have passed year after year through their mysterious recesses? When we see a distant railway train sliding by us, in the same line, day after day, we infer the existence of a track which guides it. So, when some dear old friend begins that story we remember so well, turning off at the accustomed point of digression, coming to a dead stop at the puzzling question of chronology, off the track on the matter of its being first or second cousin of somebody's aunt; set on it by the patient, listening wife, who knows it all as she knows her well-worn wedding-ring; how can we doubt that there is a track laid down for the story in some disposition of the thinking marrow? We need not say that no microscope can find the tablet inscribed with the names of early loves, the stains left by tears of sorrow, or contrition, the rent where the thunder-bolt of passion has fallen, or any legible token that such experiences have formed a part of the life of the mortal, the vacant temple of whose thoughts it is exploring.

AN irritable man is somewhat like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, and pierced by his own prickles.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

BEEF TEA (FOR THE SICK-ROOM).—Cut one pound of fleshy beef in thin slices; simmer with one quart of water twenty minutes, after it has once boiled and been skimmed; season, if approved, with a small portion of salt.

BAKED SPONGE PUDDING.—Three eggs beaten very light. Their weight in butter, in sugar and in flour. This quantity makes four large cups. Fill the cups half full, bake in a moderate oven ten minutes, being very careful not to scorch. To be eaten with cream sauce.

TO TAKE INK STAINS OUT OF MAHOGANY.—Put a few drops of spirits of nitre in a tea-spoonful of water, touch the spot with a feather dipped in a mixture, and on the ink disappearing, rub it over immediately with a rag wetted in cold water, or there will be a white mark which will not be easily effaced.

EXCELLENT APPLICATION FOR CUTS.—It is said that the leaves of geranium are an excellent application for cuts when the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of the same kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrized in a very short time.

LEG OF MUTTON STEWED.—Place a small leg of mutton in a stewpan with six carrots, twelve onions, two laurel leaves, two cloves, twelve pointoes, one bunch of parsley and chives, and one large spoonful of gravy. Add salt, and a pound of bacon, cut in six pieces. Let it simmer for three hours and a half, turning it often.

BOUILLON GRAS.—Choose meat very red and fresh for this soup; the best is the rump of beef. When the meat is very frothy, add salt, also vegetables, well picked and cleaned such as celery, onions, carrots, parsnips, leeks, and cabbages; boil gently for five hours, strain it through a sieve or cloth, leave it to settle before serving. Serve the meat at the same time with the bouillion.

DYSENTERY.—We have known dysentery in its worst form to be cured, after other medicines had failed, by drinking wheat flour stirred in water, in quantity of about half a tumbler of water, made to the consistency of cream with the flour. It may be advisable to add a pinch of salt, or the flour may be eaten in its dry state. The same effect is produced in cases of chronic diarrhœa.

BRITISH ANCHOVIES.—To one peck of sprats put two pounds of salt, three ounces and a half of bay-salt, eighteen ounces of saltpetre, two ounces of prunella, and five or six grains of cochineal. Pound them all in a mortar; then put into a barrel, first a layer of sprats, then one of the compound, and so on alternately till the barrel is filled. Press them down hard, cover them close for six months, and they will be fit for use. A most excellent flavored sauce is produced by the above preparation.

GRAHAM CRACKERS.—Wet the best of Graham flour with cold milk, adding about a fifth proportion of thick cream, or a little butter if cream is not to be had. Mix as soft as can be handled; knead very thoroughly, say 15 or 20 minutes; roll thin; cut in three-inch square cards, lay so they will not touch each other, on a hot sheet iron pan, and bake quickly, say 10 to 15 or 20 minutes, according to thickness. Handle carefully while hot, and pack away, when cold, in tin cans or stone jars in a cool, dry place.

SHEEP'S HAGGIS.—Procure a large stomach bag of a sheep, also one of the smaller bags called the "king's hood," together with the pluck (the lights, liver and heart). The bags must be well washed first in cold water, then plunged in boiling water, and scraped. Great care must be taken of the large bag; let it lie and soak in cold water, with a little salt, all night. Wash also the pluck. You will now boil the small bag alone with the pluck; in boiling, leave the windpipe attached, and let the end of it hang over the edge of the pot, so that impurities may pass freely out. Boil for one hour and a half, and take the whole from the pot. When cold, cut away the windpipe, and any bits of skin or gristle that seem improper. Grate the quarter of the liver (not using the remainder for the haggis), and mince the hearts, lights, and small bag, very small, along with a half a pound of beef suet. Mix all this mince with two small tea-cupfuls of oatmeal, previously dried before the fire, black and Jamaica pepper, and salt; also add half a pint of the liquor in which the pluck was boiled, or beef gravy. Stir all together into a consistency. Then take the large bag, which has been thoroughly cleansed, and put the mince into it. Fill it only a little more than half full, in order to leave room for the meal and meat to expand. If crammed too full, it will burst in boiling. Sew up the bag with a needle and thread. The haggis is now complete. Put in the pot with boiling water, and prick it occasionally, as it swells, to allow the air to escape. If the bag appears thin, tie a cloth outside the skin. There should be a plate beneath it, to prevent its sticking to the bottom of the pot. Boil it for three hours. It is served on a dish without garnish, and requires no gravy, as it is sufficiently rich in itself.

SPRAY OR SPATTER WORK.—A great variety of household ornaments of spray or spatter work can be made by any one with a little skill and patience. A tidy of white muslin to be decorated with a monogram or an initial letter, surrounded by fern leaves, is one of the most useful of these ornaments. The monogram must be cut out of card-board or heavy paper, and secured by pins to the muslin, which is stretched over a board or on a table. Dried fern leaves and grasses are grouped about the monograms, the lighter parts of the design made with the grasses boing on the outside. This group of pretty ferns is simply a centre piece, and there should be outside of it a wide margin proportioned to the size of the tidy. A border of any desired design may be cut from paper and fastened to the edges of the tidy. The fastenings of everything that helps to make the design should be plus, set perpendicularly in the board, so that they shall not obstruct the fall of ink on the unprotected parts of the muslin. The design having been prepared, the most difficult work, that of "spattering neatly," begins. The tools required are a nail brush with a straight edge and a fine-tooth comb or a piece of fine wire gauze; the material indelible ink for articles that are to be washed or thick India ink for card-board or paper ornaments. The tips of the bristles forming the brush are dipped in the ink and the brush beaten so as to expel the greater part of the ink taken up. The comb or gauze is then held over the work and the brush drawn lightly over it, so that the ink thus expelled from the brush will fall in a fine spray upon the work. The central parts of the design are made darker than the rest by repeated showers of color. After the whole design has received one uniform coat of color and the ink has dried, a second may be given, and then a third, always beginning in the centre and moving with the spray of ink towards the outer edges. As an aid in producing a finely shaded vignette, diaphragms may be used consisting of pieces of card-board, each with a circular or oval opening in it exposing the design. Three or four such cards with openings of different sizes should be used. The one with the larger hole is first supported an inch or two above the whole work and the spattering directed at a slight angle under the edges of the opening. For the second coat, the diaphragm of the next size is used in the same way, and so on until at last only the central parts of the work receive a coat of ink. Between each coat of ink the outer row of grasses and leaves should be removed, exposing the hitherto protected parts of the design to one coat of color. By this means the design as well as the ground will be shaded, and a softened picture produced. Only the central monogram will be white, surrounded by black, and the design will fade away into the background. It is well to practice spattering before spending much time in forming elaborate designs, for some little skill is required to do the work neatly. Lamp shades of card-board and paper, screens for windows, lamp-mats, etc., can be decorated the same as tidies, but the materials should be changed to suit the purpose for which the article decorated it is to be used. The leaves of the oak, of ivy, of the rose and geranium may be used to form the design, and after the spattering is done the forms of the larger leaves and grasses should be lightly veined with a small pencil.

**Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.**—Endorsed by the fashionable world. This is the most elegant preparation for the skin ever invented, and has excited the cupidity of unprincipled adventurers, who are palming off upon the public various imitations under different names. Beware of such, and particularly beware of lotions for the skin containing Mineral Astringents, utterly ruinous to the complexion, and by their repellant action, positively injurious to health. The chief of these is concocted by the convicted counterfeiter of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. The original ORIENTAL CREAM, $1.50 per bottle, is prepared and sold by DR. FELIX GOURAUD (Inventor of the world-renowned ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP) 48 Bond street, New York. For sale by druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
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## A TREAT FOR YOUR NEIGHBORS.

The numerous pleasant letters accompanying the renewals of subscriptions which are now coming in encourage us to remind our readers that they can easily help us to make their neighbors' homes pleasanter, by introducing the POST to them.

When you meet at the post-office or the social gathering, speak of its interesting articles, its pure, moral tone, and its safe teaching. Many are now considering what papers to take the coming year, and will add the POST to the number if it be introduced to them.

Raise a club and thus reduce the cost of your own subscription. We will cheerfully send specimens for examination to such names as you may send of those likely to subscribe.

## AN HOUR IN A TURKISH BATH.

The experience and the description will not be new to many readers. In almost every considerable city, such an institution is regularly established, and thousands have enjoyed it. The majority, however, have not yet known its mysteries, and are prepared to follow us as we pass from the receiving-room to the apartment where we are to prepare for the processes of renovation which await us. The imagination which has perhaps pictured swarthy Turks in Oriental costume conducting us to gorgeous divans, is speedily dispelled by our observation of plainly-fitted closets where we are to retire for disrobing, and the matter-of-fact looking native attendants who direct our movements.

We have put off the outer man fashioned by the tailor, and, clad in a simple waist-cloth are shown to the sweating-room. Here are cane reclining-chairs or leather-covered lounges. The air seems hot, but we do not know just how hot until incautiously taking a seat upon one of the chairs, we very immediately rise, and wait until the attendant has spread a sheet over the wood-work, to protect the sensitive skin from a heat which would not blister, but which gives a very sharp sensation of caloric. The thermometer marks 150°—some 60° higher than the temperature of the body, and of course the furniture is heated to that point—a little too warm for a prolonged sitting.

Now we extend ourselves at full length and await developments. In a few minutes we begin to think of all the hot summers ever experienced; we take an imaginary trip to Africa and recline upon the sands of Sahara, under the full blaze of the noon-day sun; we think of the torture chambers of the Inquisition, and though not suffering, morbidly fear that the increasing heat will soon bring out our resounding shrieks; we go further and Dante's Inferno and Milton's Hell rise before the seething brain. Now there is real thorough discomfort. The system accustomed to resist such strong outside influences rebels, and there is a struggle of unquietness and a demand for immediate relief. Presently it comes. The relaxed pores are opened and become sluiceways through which come the refreshing drops before a plentiful shower of perspiration. We are in a melting mood. Clogging obstructions which had stiffened the joints, rattled in the throat, snuffled in the nose and otherwise made themselves manifest are apparently oozing to the surface, for it does seem that everything within is liquifying and escaping, and lassitude and suppleness steal through the whole frame. Oh that glass of ice water, which the attendant has just brought! It were worth an hour's baking to enjoy its welcome refreshment!

Near half an hour we have been cooking and are pronounced done, and are now ready to be served up in his own peculiar way by the muscular attendant, who, like ourselves is divested of all clothing except the waist-cloth. Following him to an adjoining room, we are requested to extend at full length upon a marble slab, covered with a mattress consisting of a single sheet. The treatment here is certainly to be on a firm basis, and we soon find that there is no lack of strength and resolution in the process.

Wetting his hands in tepid water, the attendant first passes them gently over the face, rubbing downward. Then continues similiar manipulations over the trunk, not harshly but with steady vigor, giving each of your muscles such thorough exercise that every fibre feels it and every little blood vessel is roused up to rapid work. So it goes on from head to foot until you are thoroughly rubbed down. The sensation is rather doubtful, as to enjoyableness, to one unaccustomed to it.

When the rubbing is completed, working up the inside, then the outside receives more thorough attention. First gently, then with increasing force the attendant pats with his bare hands, seemingly enjoying the little twinges one involuntarily gives under a tingling spat.

Now comes the scrubbing. Being well-lathered from head to foot you submit to a scouring with coarse sponge or other substance that will take hold well and stimulate without scratching the skin. If there be any dust or foreign matter outside not yet dislodged, or any pores clogged at the surface not yet opened, they speedily yield to this treatment, and when it is done and you have been washed down with a sprinkler attached to a hose, you are absolutely clean. The water with which this is done is gradually reduced in temperature until quite cool, so that the body is gently brought to its normal heat.

When well cooled off, you are ready for the plunge-bath of cold water, a large swimming tank into which you souse, swim around a few times, and then being speedily dried, you are conducted to the cooling-room to complete the process and fully restore the equilibrium before going into the open air.

Already you feel like asking to be introduced to yourself, for there seems to be a new man standing on your feet. There is a glow, a thrill, a satisfiedness that is worth enduring all the discomforts of the baking, the kneading and the scratching previously experienced. But the best is yet to come. Before dressing, wrapped in a blanket and laid out at full length you are left to your own reflections for half an hour or less, according to your choice. A delicious sensation of quiet and content steals over you; care has been drowned, not in the flowing bowl, but more effectually. You do not dream of the future, the present is sufficient. Dreamily you watch the attendants passing to and fro, until perhaps you yield entirely to the soothing influences and sink into a delicious half-sleep with shadowy dreams, until the time being up you step forth, don your garments and go forth clean within and without, and correspondingly light-hearted.

"But didn't you catch your death-cold from it?" asks some sensitive reader. On the contrary, a cold which was showing its first symptoms was thoroughly routed, and the system put in the best possible trim to prevent cold. Cold comes from obstruction somewhere; this bath opens all the outer sluiceways and lets the currents take their proper course.

We did not intend to discuss the bath from a medical standpoint. No doubt it can be abused, and due precautions should be used in indulging it, but for a thorough luxury, which thousands more will patronize when they have once experienced its enjoyments, we commend it from repeated experience.

Visitors in Philadelphia will find a well-regulated establishment at No. 1013 Chestnut street, under the care of Dr. J. J. Lutze. Those in New York will enjoy the establishment at the Hygienic Hotel, Nos. 13 and 15 Laight street, under the care of Drs. Wood and Holbrook, which is one of the first, if not the first, established in this country.

## ALL NEED SYMPATHY.

It is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself.—*Shakspeare.*

When Cardinal Wolsey found himself deserted by the King, and subjected to the vindictiveness of the peers, he exclaimed: "O, that I had served my God with as much fidelity as I have my King, he would not have forsaken me in my distress!"

The Cardinal had fallen from the apex of human greatness, which he had maintained with insufferable haughtiness and superiority; but, what was the amount of all his splendid misery and wretchedness? It only exposed him to innumerable enemies, who finally effected his utter ruin.

As it is with poverty, so is it frequently with sickness; it seems to reveal to a man his insignificance, shows how little his existence conduces to the general weal or pleasure of society. To-day he glitters at the assembly, and to-morrow is extended upon the bed, torn and convulsed with conflicting agony; his absence but little affects his companions, they think of him as a thing that is past—a flower that yesterday bloomed, but now is withered. He receives little comfort from those ephemeras of a day, who but so recently shone with him; and the butterflies, that flitted around him, know him no more.

They cannot choose to visit the chambers of the sick, there is no incantation there; they fly from it as from a deleterious pestilence. They have not souls framed for sympathy. And, as it is natural for every one, who thinks he is departing from this world, to fling one "longing, lingering look behind," he catches not the simple comfort of a falling tear; but dies, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

As it is the nature of a kite to devour little birds, so it is the nature of some minds to insult and tyrannize over little people; this being the means which they use to recompense themselves for their extreme servility and condescension to their superiors; for nothing can be more reasonable than that slaves and flatterers should exact the same taxes on all below them which they themselves pay to all above them.

## THE SUNNY SIDE.

BY ULMAR.

When darkest hours of sadness
Come stealing o'er the heart;
When false ones dare deceive thee
And from thy side depart;
Bear up beneath the anguish,
And breast the sinking tide,
For o'er the vale of shadows
Oh, there's a sunny side.

Let early ties be broken
Which ever thou held'st dear;
It matters but a little,
The trial how severe.
For there are many others
In whom thou canst confide,
Where'r thy sad heart pineth—
Yes, there's a sunny side.

Our life-time here is fleeting,
It passeth soon away,
Like fancy's dreamy visions,
And autumn's wan decay,
Then take thou hold in earnest,
Before though thou hast tried;
Life is made up of struggles,
There's yet a sunny side.

This wide world may look dreary,
The tempest louder roar,
While every golden moment
Thy life-boat wafts to shore.
Delay not in thy efforts
Against the wind and tide,
To do what thou wouldst have to do
Upon the sunny side.

## THE FRIEND OF THE HERO.

### CHAPTER I.

THE BRUTAL LIFE.

"What would the world be without passion?" asked Thomas.

"A better place," said Orlando, "and a healthier, as it would be without champagne."

"And romance?" asked Thomas, plaintively.

"Romance is to the passion as the morning soda-water to the champagne of evening. We should be better without either."

"Thank heaven I don't take the trough view of the world," said Thomas, hotly.

"The brutal life for me," said Orlando, rolling over on the inn lawn. "I have had enough of culture for this year, and enough of society. Now I shall eat when I am hungry and always have room for my elbows, dance when I feel light-hearted and always have space for my legs, burn my white ties, free my neck from the collar, and, above all, breathe air."

Here he filled his capacious lungs and stretched his long limbs, which were covered with spotless white flannel.

Thomas looked at his friend with an expression of disappointment and perplexity.

"Let us be brutal for a change," continued Orlando, with an air of moral earnestness; "or vegetable, and drink in sun and air. Waiter, a pot of ale."

When he had refreshed himself with a draught, he sprang to his feet, and said, "And now let us be off."

"I hope you won't think I am annoyed," said Thomas, anxiously, "but I think I should like to walk to-day, and join you this evening, if you don't mind sculling the boat down alone and taking my bag."

"I shan't expect to see you," said his friend, shaking his head with much solemnity. "In an hour you will be settled under a hedge with one of the ten volumes of 'A Placid Existence,' or 'Thoughts of a Suburban Grandmother,' or 'Gayer Moments of an Upper Tooting Curate,' or 'Gentle Dreams for Gentle Souls,' or—but enough. You see the effect of forcing such food upon me. I am suffering from a reaction. I am wedded to the brutal life." Then he laughed aloud, shook his friend playfully by the shoulders, and betook himself to the boat.

Thomas watched his friend as he rowed away with an expression half admiring, half pathetic. It seemed very sad to him that so glorious a creature should be so hard of heart, strong, bright, and cold as a diamond. And yet he could not find fault with one who swung so grandly forward, filling his broad chest and straightening his shapely arms, and then with scarce an effort of strong back and thighs sent the boat flying along the water. Orlando shouted a farewell, and Thomas sighed and smiled, went indoors and paid the bill, and so started on his journey.

It was still early morning, and the dew was on the grass; the sky was not a pitiless blue, but tender and made softer by little fleecy clouds; and about the low green hills in the distance a wayward shower was sweeping. An April day had come to freshen the close of a thirsty June. The heart of the young wayfarer grew light, and his lips began to babble of little joys. Surely before the close of such a day something wonderful must happen. The fitful air was full of vague promises; each scent as it grew fainter with the growth of day, hinted a memory too sweet for a regret. Thomas stepped out gay as a troubador. The hours seemed endless before him, each moment a new joy, and surely somewhere a great surprise to crown the day. He thought with pity of Orlando, for whom no wonderful thing was reserved. He was full of whimsical thoughts, laughing and blushing now and then at his own absurdity. He pulled off his hat to the honeysuckle in the loose-growing hedge, and stepped aside from the path of a beetle magnificent in green; he stopped to whisper to the sweet-brier rose, and to hear the sage counsel of a pragmatical finch. He lingered by the cottage porch, if haply some little damsel might step out to fasten the loose spray of roses. He watched a light cart come jogging towards him, and wondered who was in it; till lazy Sally was jolted by in the sunlight, and he began to wonder if she had a lover. While his thoughts were yet busy with Sally, and he was humming some words of a girl, who was no lady nor beautful, and who knew she ought not to walk with a gentleman; while he was musing on dairies and daisies and cool pastures and three-legged stools, and fancying Corydon with ribbons at his knees, and Bob Hulker in corduroy; and when then the day was still young,—he heard the quick feet of ponies behind him, and before he had time to imagine a lovely driver, she had passed. Only a vision of soft fair hair, a face half curious, half shy, but very sweet in shadow; and yet the young man thought that something remarkable had happened. He stood still and stared with the murmured song hushed on his lips. Away went the ponies, sleek, round, and sure of foot, happy in the thought of corn and the light hand of their lady. Thomas pushed through a gap in the hedge, and ran up the sloping field, whence the hay had just been carted. From the high ground he looked far down the road, till the little carriage was but a speck in the distance. Then he sighed and solemnly shook his head, and then he looked across the country with a new sense of its loveliness. Fields of ripening corn stretched away from his feet to the bank of the delaying river. The wheat was scarcely stirred, and the hazy air was murmurous with the hum of insects. Beyond the river lay meadows where cows were lazily feeding—meadows which far away rose slowly and softly into grassy hills. The sky was tender as the memory of an old love-story—everywhere was rest; and the impressionable Thomas, staring upward with wide eyes, gave himself up to dreams, and, dreaming, slept.

When Thomas woke the sun was high, and the charm of morning had passed away. He stretched himself, rubbed his eyes, and wrinkled his eyebrows plaintively. Then he stared down the road, and was absurdly disappointed because he could not see the pony-carriage. There was nothing but hot and dusty miles laid out before him, plain and monotonous as the path of everyday duty. He gave a great sigh, and braced himself for the work. As he plodded on, he began to think himself a very unfortunate young man. Nothing ever came up to his expectations. How different the day would have been, if those pampered ponies had taken fright, and he had flung himself at their heads! So his imagination busied itself with that which might have been. He fancied Beauty in distress and Heroism dying to the rescue. It did not occur to him that he might have been run over; but he was sure that he would not have minded a slight injury. Suppose, for instance, that he had sprained his wrist, and that she had bound it with her own handkerchief. Suppose—but, after all, life was a poor affair; and romance was of the dark ages; things never happened exactly right; and the day had grown oppressively hot.

For uneasy thoughts there is no cure like walking. Abuse of the age sank gradually into a mechanical accompaniment of the footsteps, and finally vanished before a growing consciousness of hunger.

When Thomas entered the low porch of the village inn he was tired and hungry, but the burden of the day was gone. He found Orlando lying on another lawn, and breathing the evening as he had breathed the morning air—a little browner and a little stronger, but otherwise unchanged. He had ordered a stupendous dinner, and had tried the beer.

"A good day?" asked Thomas, throwing himself on the ground by his friend.

"Great," said the other; "and you?"

"Yes," said Thomas, doubtfully; "good enough."

"By-the-by, I fished out a woman."

"A what?"

"I pulled a woman out of the water."

"You have saved a woman from drowning."

Thomas felt a sinking. He had left Orlando for a day, and on that day Orlando had had an adventure.

"An old woman?" he muttered.

"I should guess about twenty."

"Dark?" Thomas thought he should not mind so much if she were dark.

"Fair, tall, and——"

"Beautiful?"

"Women don't look pretty when they have just fallen into the water; but I think——"

"You think she was handsome."

"Yes. Come and dine."

"Tell me how it happened first."

Thomas listened eagerly, while his friend told his story as quickly as he could.

About two hours previously he was drifting lazily down the stream, when he heard a cry. He drove his sculls through the water, turned the corner, and saw a boat floating, bottom upwards, in the middle of the stream. He pulled off his shoes and flannel coat, and stood up. Then he saw a woman struggling in the water trying to reach the boat, but hampered by petticoats and weeds. Of course he plunged in, and of course he pulled her out without the least difficulty. Indeed, as he was careful to explain to his friend, the girl kept her presence of mind so well that it was unnecessary to hit her on the head, or seize her by the ears, or adopt any of the authorized means of saving drowning persons.

Thomas shuddered at the idea of seizing a young lady by the ears.

"And now to dine," cried Orlando.

"Who is she?" asked his friend.

"She is Jeanie. Her father is a Mr. Dorian, and his place is one of the nicest on the river. The bore is, that I must scull up there in the morning. I never should have got away from the paternal gratitude if I had not promised."

"And what shall I do?" asked Thomas, feeling painfully unimportant.

"Oh, I told them about you, and they said I might bring you."

"And you a hero," thought Thomas, as he followed his friend's broad back to the shoulder of lamb. Then he thought of himself as the friend of the hero, and sighed once more over the good behavior of those ponies.

### CHAPTER II.

"HERE'S FLOWERS FOR YOU."

The next morning, after an early swim and a great breakfast, the two friends turned their boat's head up stream, and set out for Raynham Farm.

Orlando, overflowing with delight in oar, and stream, and summer air, burst ever and anon into conventional expressions, uttered in a fine tone of mockery. "May I ask for a dance?" he shouted. "Where are we to sit? When do we ride?" and then with a great burst of laughter he hazarded the observation, "I think I know your brother."

Thomas, swinging steadily behind his friend's broad shoulders, could not keep his eyes from the bank, gracious with river flowers—the iris standing tall, strong, and graceful in the stream, so crowned with gold among the meaner reeds; the forget-me-nots nestling by the dimpled water; the fair, white water-lilies withdrawn shyly into shadowed nooks; and loose strife frequent in the more common crowd. The boat passed on by cows standing deep in the cool; by the swan-mother busy in a stately fashion among the rushes, while her mate sailed near, proud as a king, and ready ruffled for war; by grand clusters of trees, and creeks half-hidden in the tangled thicket; by trim gardens and wild hanging woods. So the rowers moved from beauty on to beauty, with ears charmed by the gossip of birds, and soothed by the rushing of the far-off wier. So they bent to the oar, and were not aweary of rowing when they came to the smooth, shelving lawn of the sweetest of river-side places. And on the lawn fair girls were moving gladly, and they tossed the ball from one to another. Now when they saw the two young men run their boat carefully by the old water-steps, and ship their oars, Letty and Jo, who were young girls, and still in the school-room, shrank back, and began to whisper together, and glance, and Jo almost to giggle; but Jeanie, though she paused for a moment like a startled deer, and let the ball lie idle at her feet, came presently forward with her head up, and looking with open, honest eyes. She came neither quickly nor slowly, giving the young men time to fasten their boat, before she met Orlando with a little sun-burnt hand outstretched. "Please let me thank you again," she said, "and don't be angry."

The young man laughed somewhat sheepishly. "It was very hot," he said, "and I was glad of a plunge."

"But I might have drowned you."

"Not much fear," said he, in the pride of his strength; "and besides, you behaved so well, and kept your head. It was nothing; and I feel such a fool when I am thanked."

Now, while these two were talking, Thomas was thinking many thoughts, as his custom was, and has all sorts of feelings; for the girl whom his friend had saved in the afternoon was she who had driven the ponies in the morning. All in a moment he was preposterously glad and absurdly wretched. It was a great thing that wonders should happen in an age when miracles are announced by telegram; but how might they not shatter a sensitive and sentimental mind.

When Jeanie looked at Thomas, she wondered why his face had so many expressions and what they all meant. She thought that he was shy; and so when Orlando said, "This is Thomas, my friend," she smiled very kindly, and held out her hand. Then she explained to her guests that her father had been obliged to go to town, but would be back in the afternoon; that they were to dine and sleep there; that they might remain in flannel; and finally, that their rooms were ready.

Before the friends had time to expostulate they found themselves and their bags being conducted by a servant to the house.

"What a wonderful little manager!" said Orlando, in a voice which he believed to be low.

"What a perfect child!" said Thomas to himself.

When they came back to the lawn Miss Dorian was alone, having sent her younger sisters to the schoolroom. She played the hostess with strange simplicity, and showed them all the small beauties of the place without a doubt of their interest. Orlando was unusually gentle, and Thomas thought of Una and the lion as he watched the pair before him.

Nor was the young woman unmindful of the shy man. She made many little remarks to him, and sometimes turned to look at him with sympathetic curiosity in her eyes. She laughed at something which the big Orlando said, and betrayed by the sound of her laughter a delight in fun which thrilled the hearers. When Una laughed, the lion roared with laughter; and so laughing and talking they went to see the shrubberries, the copper-beech, the monkey-puzzler, the hollow tree with the peep-hole towards the river, the old kitchen-garden half filled by intrusive flowers and sturdy lavender bushes, the field with the new hay-stack, and the farmyard where the white pigeons sunned themselves on the dull red roof and the geese walked in procession, and the sweet-smelling stalls were ready for the heavy cows. Orlando talked of his admiration at every corner, but Thomas said little until they came to the stables.

"These are my ponies," said Miss Dorian with pride.

"I saw you driving them yesterday morning," said Thomas, briefly.

"Did you?" asked she, kindling with interest. "How strange! It must have been you I passed walking alone close to Darley Court. I remember wondering if my ponies would take fright."

"I wish they had," said he.

"You wish they had taken fright?" she asked, round-eyed with surprise.

"No, no. I beg your pardon. I meant something else."

He laughed uneasily as she still looked at him with frank curiosity. She thought him a mysterious young man.

When everything else had been duly admired, the attention of the guests was called to the merits of the house, so roomy yet so modest, so near the river and so free from damp, with its old brick weather-stained and laced, but not strangled, by ivy, and its deep veranda cool all day long. Indeed it is in all respects what a house by the river Thames should be.

At luncheon Miss Jeanie Dorian presided with perfect self-possession, now checking her younger sister with a glance, which it was equally impossible to defy and to resent, now encouraging that meekest of governesses Miss Tubb. It was clear that this lady regarded Miss Dorian, who was at least ten years younger than herself, with extraordinary deference. When she ventured on a remark, she seemed to plead for her approval, and she put to her a series of chance questions, which had evidently been rehearsed in private. She blushed a good deal at finding herself in the society of two strange gentlemen, and was driven into desperate conversation by the eyes of her two pupils. She was painfully conscious that a new chapter would be added to the false history of her life, on which Jo, most imaginative of biographers, was always engaged. For many years romantic incidents had been growing round her eventful life, and Jo would have long since raised her to the rank of the most heroic heroine that had ever been, had she not been checked by the chastening criticism of the more prosaic Letty. This romantic chronicle was the great delight of the schoolroom, and, on the whole, a not unpleasant torture to the victim. Yet when Orlando suggested a glass of ale or Thomas handed the strawberries, Miss Tubb trembled to think what was passing in her pupil's mind; while Jo shook her curly head at the governess, and burst out laughing at the surprised expression of Thomas. This contemplative young man was still more surprised when Miss Jeanie, who had been indulging herself with trifling talk, began to question him with becoming gravity about the Oxford colleges. Was not this too fast and that too slow? She must find one where exactly the right amount of encouragement was given to athletics. Could a man row and read? Could he read and hunt once a-week? When Thomas had answered several questions of the kind, Orlando began to laugh and ask her if she were going to the University.

"No," she said, sedately, "but I have a brother at Eton between me and the girls."

"The girls!" muttered Orlando under his breath—and presently asked her, almost diffidently, if she arranged everything.

"Yes," she answered raising her eyebrows a little; "I am the eldest, and I have to do things."

Then she turned to the governess, and asked her if she and the girls would join them later on the lawn. Miss Tubb murmured her thanks, blushed under Jo's eye, and looked appealingly at Letty, who got her out of the room.

"She is quite invaluable," said Miss Jeanie, gravely, to the young men; and then a sudden flush came over her face, and her mouth was round as a child's as she said, "Oh, do you play lawn tennis?"

In a few minutes she was ready, clad in a suitable gown, and armed with her favorite racquet, and was quickly absorbed in a tremendous struggle with Orland. She laughed when the genial young giant reached strokes which seemed impossible, and he laughed twice as loud admiring her skill and quickness, her parted lips, her eager looks, and all the beauty which seemed nothing to her. Thomas, watching the players, thought how much alike they were, and yet how different, and how very quickly they had become friends. For some reason he could not feel their gaiety, and his thoughts wandered off with sympathy to Miss Tubb, who had of course been disappointed in life, as anybody could see.

This was one of those rare summer days which seem to have no end. Each is a life as happy as uneventful, and its chronicle must be tedious as the biography of a maiden aunt. Yet they are the great slumbrous flowers of that garden where memory loves to wander in idle hours, as the laden bee goes back, and cannot have enough of sweetness. This long day was scarcely old when Mr. Dorian came home. He found his family drinking tea in the veranda; and Miss Jeanie, who had run to meet him like a child, came leading him by the hand towards the young men. This father was evidently the kindest of men, for Letty proudly claimed his other hand, Zoe flung herself upon him, and Miss Tubb expanded in his presence. He had been all his life in business, and had made constant efforts to believe in the wickedness of the world, but to no purpose. There were tears in his eyes as he held out his hand to Orlando, and said, "I must thank you again for what you did yesterday. I don't know how to say—I don't know how to think of what might have been," and he put his arm round his eldest child as he spoke.

"Please don't speak of it," cried Orlando in a great hurry, "it was nothing: I could not have done less for a cat."

Hereupon Miss Dorian burst out laughing and caught Thomas's eye and stopped. She introduced him to her father, and looked at him curiously. She was puzzled and almost troubled by him, wondering what he thought about so much.

"A splendid place!" said Orlando that evening, as he breathed the night air in his friend's room.

"I never believed in maiden simplicity before," murmured Thomas, whose old enthusiasm for romance seemed rather stale to him.

"She is like an awfully nice sort of boy," said Orlando, with the air of one inspired.

Thomas shuddered. There seemed to him a certain profanity in the remark.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## EARLY RISING.

Every circumstance contributes to render early rising advisable to those who are in the enjoyment of health. There is no time equal in beauty and freshness to the morning, when Nature has just parted with the gloomy mantle which night has flung over her, and stands before us like a young bride from whose aspect the veil which covered her loveliness has been withdrawn. The whole material world has a vivifying appearance. The husbandman is up at his labor, the forest leaves sparkle with drops of crystal dew, the flowers raise their rejoicing heads towards the sun, the birds pour forth their anthems of gladness, and the wide face of creation itself seems as if awakened and refreshed by a mighty slumber. Or, in the poetic strains of James Beattie:—

"Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn.
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are born.

"But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

All these things, however, are hid from the eyes of the sluggard; Nature in her most glorious aspect is to him a sealed book; and while every scene around him is full of beauty, interest, and animation, he alone is uninspired. He hears not, he sees not, for blindness and deafness rule over him with desperate sway, and lay a deadening spell upon his faculties. And when he does at length awake, far on in the day, from the torpor of this benumbing sleep, he is not refreshed. He does not start at once into new life—an altered man, with joy in his mind, and vigor in his frame. On the contrary, he is dull, languid, and stupid, as if half-recovered from a paroxysm of drunkenness. He yawns, stretches himself, and stalks into the breakfast-parlor, to partake in solitude and without appetite of his unrefreshing meal, while his eyes are red, his beard unshorn, and his clothes disorderly and ill put on. Uncleanliness and sluggishness generally go hand in hand; for the obtuseness of mind which disposes a man to waste the most precious hours of existence in debasing sleep naturally make him neglect his person.

## APOLOGIES.

We are willing to admit that apologies are not always entirely superfluous. If a man in a crowded room, sitting close to another, should get his hand into another's pocket, we think it proper that he should explain and apologize. If one lays his hand familiarly and with emphasis on a friend's back, who, on looking up, proves to be an entire stranger, it would seem proper to apologize. But, you will ask me, why do I write on the matter at all? Because I wish to offer some advice relative to apologies. Here it is:—1. Never do anything that requires an apology, if it be possible. Act according to your best judgment under the influence of your best feelings, and you will have little occasion to explain. 2. If some one comes to your house and finds it in confusion on a day when you are packing up for the country, or when illness has put things out of train, or when the kitchen has had an eruption and the lava has poured forth, or when it was washing day, what need is there of apology? Housekeeping in your house is your business, not theirs. If a friend comes in suddenly to dine, and your dinner is frugal, don't apologize. If it is good enough for your own family, it is good enough for him. 3. Do not apologize for dress. You have a right to consult your own taste, your purse, and the pursuit which occupies you, as to the mode of dressing. If people come to you, they should be content to take you as they find you. If people are richly dressed, and you are plainly clad, do not reproach their fine clothes by apologizing for your poor ones. Self-respect should keep every one from explanations which other people have no business to demand, and no right to expect. Of course, if you are in circumstances that seem to imply disrespect to another, an apology may be wise and kind. But the general rule is, "Make few apologies." 4. One class of apologies are mere traps set for compliments. They are the tricks of a hungry vanity, and are especially disagreeable. It is painful to hear an accomplished housewife apologizing for a table that would make an epicure's mouth water.

"Really, sir, I am ashamed to ask you to take another cup of tea; it can hardly be drank."

"Oh, madam, it is delicious. I think I never tasted a flavor so fine. Where did you obtain it?"

"It was a present to my husband from Prince Gortschakoff. When in Russia, my husband became quite a favorite with him. It is said to have cost three guineas a pound. You know that in Russia the overland teas are held at prices like the fine wines. They think nothing of giving a guinea for a pound of tea. But then, you know, it is a very different thing from any variety of that article we get in England."

No one is for a moment deceived by apologies. Every one puts them at their true value. If they are not self-respectful, if they are insincere, if they are pretences, none know it better than they to whom they are given.

### LOVE'S CHOICE.

BY RAY ARLINGTON.

The stroller in the pensive field
  Doth many a wildering flower descry:
Sometimes to him the Roses yield,
  Sometimes the Lilies feed his eye;
Sometimes he takes delight in one,
Sometimes in all, sometimes in none.

But when, in dusty woodland ways,
  He sees, beside some dreaming stone,
The fresh, untutored Violet raise
  Her pleading eyes for him alone,
Then makes his heart its final choice,
And Nature speaks in Fusslun's voice.

The stroller beauty's garden through,
  By many a wayward impulse led,
Sometimes is charmed by gold and blue,
  Sometimes by brown and mantling red;
Sometimes proud dame and maiden small
Please just the same, or not at all.

But when, remote from pleasure's whirl,
  He sees, at home's sequestered shrine,
The ardent, cheerful, guileless girl,
  Of mortal mould, but soul divine—
Too good, too beautiful to know
How fair her worth and beauty show—

Then all his roving fancies pause,
  Entranced by this o'erwhelming grace:
It rules him by celestial laws;
  It lights a splendor in his face;
'Tis the best good that Heaven can give:
He wins it—and begins to live.

# JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

*Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.*

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 48. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### REPUDIATED.

Cynthia walked slowly on, crying a little in a languid, helpless way, like one who was accustomed to solitude and tears. The sharp sound of Herne's hoofs died away in the distance. A lark was singing loud and shrill in the high, blue sky, and there was a drowsy bee among the hawthorns, but all the rest of nature was silent. Suddenly, there broke upon that summer stillness a loud rustling of boughs, and a man sprung through a gap in the hedge and confronted her.

She looked up, full of sudden fear, expecting to see some unknown ruffian bent on robbery and murder; but the dark and angry face looking into hers was the face of her husband.

"Joshua! How you frightened me!"

"No doubt. Women who meet their lovers in secret are easily startled."

"My lover! Joshua! Are you mad? I have been talking to Captain Pentreath, who overtook me by chance a little while ago."

"By chance! Do you think I am going to believe that story! Woman I know you too well. Satan set you in my path for my undoing—to the peril and loss of my soul; for my ruin and destruction here and hereafter! Fool, fool, fool!"—this with a cry of anguish, striking his forehead with his clenched fists. "I ought to have known it was a snare; the fair, strange face under the burning summer sky—the gypsy wife—homeless—nameless—a stranger to Christ and salvation—spawn of Beelzebub, why did I not recognize you?"

"Joshua, for pity's sake—I am your true wife—I have honored and obeyed you—"

"Honored! Was it to honor me you lured that young man to his doom? Was it for my honor you met him and kissed him? Yes—I saw him holding you in his arms under God's all-seeing eye, clasping you to his breast, as I held you that accursed night when I thought myself the happiest among men, because I had won you for my own. Won you! Oh, thou incarnate falsehood! fair as an angel to the eye, foul as sin to the heart that knows thee. And having tempted one brother to death and doom eternal, you are spreading your nets for the other. You would have him, too. You are like her that waiteth at the street corner, 'In the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death. Yea, verily, her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell.' Away with you, fair devil!"

His arm was raised to strike, but she fell on her knees, and thus by a happy chance, escaped the degrading blow, and saved her husband that last shame.

"Joshua, what madness has seized you? I never wronged you willingly, God knows. If I did do you wrong, it is because human nature is weak, and God does not always stand by us. He lets us stand alone a little while in order to show how weak we are without him; how soon we stumble and fall when that heavenly hand is withdrawn. Yes, husband, I have been a sinner. God hid his face for a time. Oswald loved me, and I loved him, and forgot my wickedness in the sweetness of being beloved by him. It was like a dream. But when he spoke of his love, my heart awakened, and I was your true wife. I have said no word to him—never, from first to last—that I dare not repeat to you, or that I am ashamed to remember. I am your true wife, and honor and revere you now as I did that first day when you took me to the only decent home I have ever known. Have I forgotten what I owe you, Joshua? Oh, no, no, no! I am not so base, nor so ungrateful."

"Your speech is like your face," said Joshua, with set teeth; "passing fair—passing fair. But I know you, pretty one! Yes; look up, eyes blue as God's summer sky—look up in sad, innocent wonder. A lie—a lie; nothing but a lie. Satan has made you so. He painted your cheeks, and limned your smile, and every delicate feature, that you might lure good men to death and hell. Can he work without his instruments, do you think? He does not walk this earth in palpable shape, lest we should know him and avoid him. But he puts on such a pretty garb as yours, and counts his worshipers by the score. Every priestess such as you brings a crowd to his altar. But I have done with you. I have rent the net. I will have no further dealings with you. I will see your false face no more!"

"Joshua, have pity!"

"Can a man take fire in his bosom and not be burned?"

"Joshua!"

"'He that doeth it destroyeth his own soul. A wound and dishonor shall he get; and his reproach shall not be wiped away.'"

"Joshua, can you believe that there was any harm—any wrong against you—in my meeting with Captain Pentreath just now?" cried Cynthia, still at her husband's feet, looking up at him in an agony of supplication, trying to grasp those strong, cruel hands that thrust her from him.

"I know that you are false to the core. I know that Satan made you to lead me down to the pit. What do I know about you and Captain Pentreath? Very little. I was just in time for the fag-end of your interview. I came across the field, and saw you through a break in the hedge. You were standing in close converse with him just as you were with his brother—"

"Ah!" cried Cynthia, startled, "you were there that day—you saw us. You said so just now."

"The kisses were over, I dare say," continued Joshua, too much beside himself to heed this interruption. "The kisses were done with before I came. He heard my step, perhaps, and so left you with a stately salutation, as if you were strangers parting. Hypocrites, liars both—children of the accursed! But I have done with you. I turn my face away from Satan and his witchcraft, and I will make my peace with God before I die. Go back—go back to your tents—to the children of Baal. Go back to your jugglieries and mummeries and leave me to repent of my folly—to put on sackcloth and ashes—to go up alone among the hills, like Elijah in the mountains, to wait for the advent of my God."

"Joshua, for mercy's sake be calm—speak to me quietly, that I may know what you really mean. I have no wish but to obey you. If you say that I am to go away from you—to go back and be a servant, and work for my daily bread as I did before I was your wife—I shall go and make no complaint. But I am your true and obedient wife all the same. Do not doubt that. I will obey you when you are cruel, just as I obeyed you when you were kind, and I shall never murmur."

"Fair of speech, and fair of face," muttered Joshua. "Yes, Lucifer, her master, was beautiful as the morning star."

"Do you mean to turn me out-of-doors, Joshua? Do you mean that your home is to be mine no longer?"

"I do. You have brought misery and shame into my house. You have poisoned my cup, turned my daily bread to ashes. I would fain to be rid of you forever. I cannot serve God while you are near me. Satan is too strong for me while he works in such a guise."

"And you wish us to part," she said, deliberately, "forever?"

"Yes. I love my imperishable soul better than that viler human heart which cleaves to you. In heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. In heaven I shall forget the anguish of an unsatisfied love."

"Joshua, I am your servant to obey you in this as in all things. You have but to say you wish me gone, and I shall go. When you cease to pity, God will forgive and take pity on me, because he does not make our burden too heavy for us. Do you remember that night in the pine wood, Joshua, when you took me to your heart, and told me that I was precious in your sight? I said then that I was not good enough to be your wife, that it would be happiness for me to be your servant, and wait upon you, and work for you, and gather words of wisdom from your lips. But you would have it otherwise. I was wiser in this, you see, for now you are weary of me, and want to send me away. Let it be so, then; I will forget that I am your wife, and remember only that I am your servant, and bound to obey in all things. I am your servant and you have dismissed me. I can go back to Penmoyle, and work for my living, far away, where I shall not disgrace you. "Good-bye, sir."

She took his hand and kissed it, still on her knees. He shuddered at the contract of those rose-bud lips, but never looked at her. His eyes were fixed on the distant sea-line, wide-open eyes, gazing blankly at the blue, bright light.

"Am I really to go, Joshua?" Cynthia asked, meekly, after a brief silence, in which the hum of insects, the sharp whirring sound of the grasshopper, filled the air.

He passed his hand across his brow wearily.

"Get thee behind me, Satin. Yes, go, go, go. I can never scale the walls of God's eternal city while this weight of earthly passion cleaves to me. Go far out of my reach, lest I should slay you, and think of your dead lover, and repent your sin."

"What! he is dead, then—and you know it?" she exclaimed, with a bitter cry.

"Yes," answered Joshua, flinging her away from him into the dust, "go and weep and howl for him. It was your sin that slew him."

She lay for a little while where he had thrown her on the sun-baked grass of the bank, among the ferns and wild flowers, not quite unconscious, but with a brain in which strange and familiar images whirled wildly as in a demon dance. Then came a few moments in which all was blank, moments of blessed repose, and then she staggered to her feet and looked about her. The lane was empty. Joshua had said his last word, and was gone.

She stood looking round her in the westering sunshine, pondering what she ought to do. Not for an instant did she contemplate rebellion against her husband's decree. He had bid her to leave him, and she would go away meekly, uncomplainingly, as Hagar went out into the wilderness.

"Ah me!" she said to herself, piteously comparing herself with Hagar, "I have no Ishmael to be my comfort and hope."

It never occurred to her to go back to her husband's house and claim the place which was hers by right, and which no act of hers had forfeited. She did not even contemplate going back to claim her own—the clothes and books and small possessions, dear to womanhood, which she had acquired since her marriage. Empty-handed and penniless as when Joshua found her sitting by the waterpool on the distant Cornish waste, she left the scene of her brief but hapless married life. She had neither purse nor scrip, not so much as a few shillings to help her on her way. But she turned her pale face steadily to the west, and set out to walk to Penmoyle. In this wide world she had no other friends than the spinster sisters whom she could turn to for a refuge in her desolation, and even from them she could not feel quite sure of a kind reception. They had offered her their friendship, telling her, on the day she left them, to appeal to them in any hour of need. But how would they receive her when she told them that Joshua had cast her off—they who reverenced Joshua as a saint and prophet?

To them she must needs turn in her distress, having no other earthly haven. She had served them faithfully in the past, and had won their favor, and she was willing to serve them in the future for her daily bread and nightly shelter, and the privilege of worshiping her God in the faith Joshua had taught her. She thought of the white-haired old minister, with his gentle, old-world manners, and his ready kindness. She remembered how his praise had thrilled her at the thought that Joshua would hear of her well-doing and be glad. And now all was over. Joshua hated her. Joshua spurned her as a vile and guilty creature. No man's praise, no woman's favor, could ever lift her up in his esteem any more. She was degraded and cast off forever.

Well, she could be a servant again, and toil for her bread, and serve God in patience so long as life's burden was laid upon her. It seemed to her that the road along which she had to carry her burden was not interminable. A little way off there came a region of mist and cloud, entering which, she would lie at peace, and would lay down her load, and rest her weary head upon the sweetest pillow, and let her tired eyes close amidst a divine sunshine, light as the resurrection morning, when the glad sunbeams danced upon the hill-tops.

It was a long way from Combhollow to that little village high up among the Cornish tors. Cynthia could not calculate the number of miles, but she had an idea that Penmoyle was very far away—many days' journey, at the rate at which she could walk, which was slow, for her cough and low fever had left her weak.

"Luckily, I know how to sleep under a hay-stack, and I am not ashamed to beg my bread when I see a kind face at a cottage-door," she said to herself.

She had her silver watch and chain, which she thought she might sell in one of the towns she had to pass through; and there was the gold-keeper above her wedding-ring; this, too, she might dispose of, if hard pressed by want; but if people were kind, she could get on without difficulty, so little would serve to keep body and soul together.

So she set out on her journey, a new Hagar, but with no sweet child-companion to make the desert blossom like the rose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### HOW SHE LOVED HIM.

A novel and interesting romance in real life culminated in Brooklyn a few days ago which we deem worthy the perusal of all our readers. It was a religious climax to a domestic drama, viz:—a young and beautiful girl renouncing Christianity for Judaism. The Temple Beth Elohim, in Pearl street, was the scene of the occurrence, and three hundred men and women the witnesses. To them the spectacle of a young girl, born of christian parents, reared and nurtured within the pale of protestantism, deliberately renouncing all that had been hers and her father's of faith, that she might not be separated from the husband of her choice, was a curious one. The circumstances antecedent to this action may be briefly cited.

Mr. Samuel H. Goldschmidt resides at No. 237 Gold street, in this city, and is the only son of Mr. Herman Goldschmidt, a retired clothier. Immediately adjoining is the residence of Mrs. Ryan, a most estimable lady, between whose daughter, Marie M., and young Goldschmidt there sprang up a feeling of admiration, which in speedy course ripened into enduring love. They determined to cast their lot in life together; but there arose always the one insuperable barrier of the religion. He was a Jew, she a Christian. His father and mother were among the straitest of their sect, and while they would forgive much, they could not overlook their son's departure from the faith in marrying outside of Israel. It resolved itself into this—to give up the man whom she loved, or accept his faith in lieu of her own. Miss Ryan decided in favor of the latter. Communicating this decision to young Goldschmidt, on the 24th of last month they were married by civil process. He returned to his parents, and she to her mother. Immediately the young lady began to carry out her avowed intention. To this end advice and counsel were sought from the Rev. Dr. Isaac Schwab, of the Eastern District, and under his guidance the desired result was attained, and he recently had the satisfaction of receiving the willing convert into the fold of Judaism. Four times previously has this pleasure been afforded Dr. Schwab, three converts in Portland, Oregon, and one in ——, having joined the Israelitish Community under his ministration.

At the conclusion of the ceremony of renunciation and reception, the Rabbi saluted the young Jewess—for she was no longer a christian maiden,—and both turning to the congregation, said:

"This your confession renders you a Jewess. By virtue of this confession you are henceforth counted among the Israelites as a member of their community. You are at the same time obliged and compelled to live and act according to the precepts and prescriptions of the Jewish religion. 'Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her, for she is thy life.' In conclusion, I congratulate you on to-day's holy acquisition, and express my good wishes in the words addressed by Boaz to Ruth: "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel."

The priest's blessing was then added and Miss Ryan—for though in the eye of the Common Law she was Mrs. Goldschmidt, in the eye of the Levitical Law she was not—resumed her seat beneath the altar, but this time facing the congregation.

There was an interval of a few minutes of consultation when young Goldschmidt, who up to this moment had occupied one of the front body pews with his parents, left his seat, entered within the altar rails, and giving his arm to his bride, the twain stood up before the rabbi. Dr. Schwab alluded to the fact that the marriage had already been civilly solemnized, but it was requisite that they should be reunited and receive the sacred blessing within the walls of the temple. The cup of wine was blessed, the ring placed upon the finger of the bride by the bridegroom, the while their mutual vows were pledged in Hebrew, a prayer was said in the Israelite tongue, and then the rabbi declared them duly wedded in accordance with the requirements of the Jewish faith, adding a few earnest words of hope for their future and the priestly benediction. Congratulations followed, and when these were concluded Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt were escorted to their carriage and the spectators dispersed.

### PRESENTS.

Of all the conventional presents, those given at christenings and weddings are the most unsatisfactory. Christening gifts, indeed, are simply detestable from first to last. Those conventional mugs which are never drank from; those silver spoons and forks which do not match with the family set, and have always a maimed, one-legged look on the table; those absurd corals and bells which are never used as playthings, but which are supposed to do duty as mysterious instruments for "baby to cut its teeth on;" those arbitrary offerings of robes and hoods, the tribute exacted from the unlucky sinner singled out for this special penance—what are they but oppressive shams, which do no good to the small receiver, and are intolerable nuisances to the overtaxed givers?

And wedding presents are as bad—quite as useless, and frequently less valuable. Very few of us have the courage to give really useful presents, even to a young couple starting on narrow means; and still fewer care to learn what others have given or are going to give, so that they shall not double or quadruple a frivolity of which one specimen would be more than enough. But, indeed, even when we traffic in useful gifts that cannot be objected to on the score of frivolity, nor yet of ostentation, how seldom they turn out successful. If of the kind wanted, the individual specimen is sure not to be right. It is too large or too small for our size, too coarse or too fine for our fancy; it is not the right shape, or we specially object to that particular shade of color. But we are forced to accept what we should have chosen so much better for ourselves, if only we had had the money; and we feel a certain soreness, not in the least like gratitude, to the friend who has, as it were, barred us out from the thing we wanted by the obstructive presentation of something which is only like what we wanted, and which is substantially a disappointment.

## NEWS NOTES.

THERE are about 11,333 blind men and 8977 blind women in the United States.

A LARGE cotton mill, to be erected at Madras, India, is to be known as the Buckingham Mills.

THE Austrian Government has declined to take any official part in the Paris Exposition of 1878.

THE great demand for silk continues in Japan, and 3000 bales have been exported from Yokohama since the 1st of July.

WITHIN the past few days snow ranging in depth from one to three feet has fallen in the mountains adjacent to Salt Lake City, Utah.

A FINANCIAL crisis of the most serious character are threatened in Russia. The crisis is worst in the southwestern provinces.

THE project of a narrow guage railway from Brattleboro, Vt., to Whitehall, N. Y., is agitated by capatalists of the former place.

THREE ships of war are about to sail from Japan for England, with crews for the iron-clads just built for the Japanese Government.

ALL the Cardinals residing abroad are expected at Rome shortly to discuss successively an important proposition offered by the Congregation.

THE expedition which is to be sent out by the Dutch Geographical Society to explore the interior of Sumatra will start in about three months.

PARIS is considering the expediency of introducing underground railroads, and the municipality has sent a commission of inspection and inquiry to London.

A CONSPIRACY has been discovered to murder the Turkish Grand Vizier and Midhat Pasha. Two Ulemes of high rank have been arrested and exiled therefor.

THE Canadian law to prevent the adulteration of food, drink or drugs, is going into practical operation in Quebec, by the organization of an inspector's office.

TWELVE hundred United States troops are now stationed in or near Columbia, S. C., and the number is being added to daily. All is quiet throughout the State.

GENERAL CROOK on the 23d, surrounded 300 lodges of Red Cloud's Sioux and disarmed them. Red Cloud was deposed and Spotted Tail was made their chief.

RUSSIA is taking steps to promote cotton culture in Central Asia, where the annual product is now about 50,000 pounds. American seed is to be introduced.

THERE is a great famine and drouth in many of the districts of India, and, in consequence, much suffering, and 300,000 people will have to be provided for by charity.

THE Supreme Court has decided that the life insurance companies must refund to Southern policy holders the amount paid on policies up to the breaking out of the war.

ABOUT a thousand pieces of old pottery dug up in Missouri and supposed to be from fifteen hundred to two thousand years old, have been received at the Peabody Museum of Yale College.

THE London *Pall Mall Gazette* boldly declares its disbelief in the sincerity of the great powers in their ostensible efforts to patch up a peace between Turkey and her revolutionary provinces.

SITTING BULL now wants to return and be at peace with the white men, but General Sherman says he shall not be received except as a prisoner of war, and no rations issued till after the surrender.

THE Sultan has given his consent to a scheme to make Jaffa a seaport and connect it to Jerusalem by railway. Signor Pierotti, a railroad man, living in Palestine, is at the head of the movement.

PROF. NORDENSKJOLD reports that, on his recent expedition to the Yenesei River, he discovered a new island, about thirty-three miles in length, in the Karian Sea, near the mouth of the Yenesei, in latitude 73 degrees north.

THE insurrections are spreading in various provinces in China. Yakub Beg is reported to have crossed the extreme western boundary of China proper, the Imperial troops retreating before him to Lan-Cho-Fou, capital of the province of Kansuh.

HORSE cars are making great progress in France. Marseilles was the first city to employ them extensively. They traverse its leading thoroughfares. A French newspaper anticipates that they will lead to the improvement of the omnibusses and a reduction of the fares of cabs.

THE cotton factories in Augusta, Me., are running to their fullest capacity, and fail even then to manufacture goods enough to supply the demand. A large amount of cotton has just arrived, and the winter supply will soon be put in, so that there shall be no interruption through the winter.

IT is proposed to carry a telegraph across Africa, from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope. There is at present telegraphic communication from Alexandria to Khartoum, a distance of 1100 miles, and surveys have already been made for its continuance to Goudokoro.

THE British co-operative societies now aggregate more than 400,000 heads of families, representing 2,000,000 of individuals; their collective capital exceeds $20,000,000, and their annual consumption constitutes one-fourteenth of that ascribed to the whole nation. The system was devised by the celebrated pioneers of Rochdale.

THE German Government has been trying for nearly a year to ascertain the exact number of people who inhabit the Empire. The returns show that on the 1st of December, 1875, the population was 42,726,844, while in 1871 it was 41,023,093. This shows an increase in four years of 1,703,749, or about an average of one per cent. a year.

IT would take the entire MacMahon family to fully display at one time all the decorations the gallant Marshal has received. He is a knight of pretty near all the orders in Christendom, and has also the Oriental decorations of the Medjiddie and Sun and Lion of Persia. One decoration he always wears is the French military medal.

A LONDON dispatch says the alarming European telegrams of the last few days had the effect of further depressing government securities in India, which have been unusually low for the six months past. Tea shares at Calcutta, however, are rising, owing to favorable accounts from Assam and Cochar Garden. This is a remarkably good year for tea, and the quantity exported will greatly exceed any former year. The Calcutta wheat trade has had a wonderful rise lately. In 1870 the quantity exported was 2,000 tons; in 1873, 10,000 tons; in 1874, 8,000, and last year 50,000, and this year already 120,000 tons have been exported from Calcutta alone. This wheat is grown chiefly in the Punjaub.

## EXHIBITION NOTES.

A NOT-VERY-SHARP JANITOR.—On Tuesday when the inmates of the Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind were feeling the Exhibition, the janitor in the Department of Admissions stepped into the Chief's office and said: "Mr. Yates, there's a blind gentleman outside who wishes to see you." "I don't doubt it, poor fellow," replied Mr. Yates, "but tell him it is impossible. You may let him in, however. The janitor eyed the Chief with an uncertain air and left the room, convinced that the sanity of Mr. Yates was questionable.

LAST WEEK'S ADMISSIONS.—The admission fees received for the week ending Saturday, October 21, were the greatest in the history of the Exhibition, and in number have been exceeded only by Pennsylvania week. The record of cash admissions for the week are as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Monday, | October 16 | $74,857 |
| Tuesday, | October 17 | *92,938 |
| Wednesday, | October 18 | *134,777 |
| Thursday, | October 19 | 161,355 |
| Friday, | October 20 | †94,116 |
| Saturday, | October 21 | †72,971 |
| Total, | | 620,814 |

*Including live stock. †Estimated.

The total cash admissions up to date are 6,357,403.

THE sympathies of a large number of gentlemen of this city who take an interest in the growing youth, and who have looked in vain for some practical plan to emanate from the Centennial authorities by which children could receive any of the pleasures or benefits of the Exhibition by visiting it, are gradually crystallizing into definite action. It is suggested that a fund be created for the purchase of tickets of admission, to be given gratis to those school children whose parents are not in circumstances to bear the heavy tax required for a child's visit to the great educational fair in the Park. It is thought that if the movement were once definitely started there are thousands of citizens whose generosity would prompt them to aid in making it a success. There are already a large number whose sympathies are enlisted, but leaders are wanted to give the idea a practical impetus.

PATENT STEAM STEERING MACHINE.—There is on exhibition in the U. S. Government building one of Sickles' Patent Steam Steering Machines, constructed by the Providence Steam Engine Co., of Rhode Island. It consists of two cylinders, placed at right angles, and connected directly to the steering drum. One of these machines was placed in the U. S. Steam Frigate Minnesota for experimenting purposes, and its advantage over the ordinary hand steering wheel were easily discernible. It was placed in the lower chamber of the central turret, occupying a space of 8.11x5.6. The details of the arrangement were so perfected as to gain all requisites of rapid steering from any part of the vessel without interfering with the ordinary internal arrangements of a vessel of war. By the steering-wheel it usually takes two men over two minutes to move the rudder from its extreme position of starboard and port, requiring nineteen turns of the wheel, while with the steam machine one man can easily move the rudder, the same distance, in three seconds, with three and one-half revolutions of the wheel. It is recommended for adoption in the United States Naval Service by all the competent engineers of the Navy, and is under the efficient management of Mr. John McGee, of the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

THE LAST DAY.—The programme of the ceremonies by which the Exhibition is to be closed is not yet decided upon. Assurance is given, however, that it will be very short—probably not requiring more than half an hour for its performance but very impressive nevertheless. It is generally agreed among the Commissioners that the ceremonies will be held in the centre of the Main Building, no matter if the weather be fair or disagreeable. Last week the general disposition was to hold them in the open air, on the site of the demonstration of May 10, should the weather be fine, but in the Main Building if otherwise. The indications are that November 10 will not be as good a day for Centennial poets as was May 10. Thus far none but prosaic, practical gentlemen have been booked as actors on the occasion. In consideration of the energetic, constant and successful work of the Centennial Executive Committee, the honor of being the orator of the day will be awarded to the chairman of that body, the Hon. D. J. Morrell. After the stopping of the Corliss engine by President Grant at 4 P. M., there will be fired from George's Hill, a salute of thirteen guns in honor of the old baker's dozen, and another of one hundred guns in honor of the Centennial year and the Union. Between the Board of Finance and Messrs. Brock & Co., of London, arrangements, except the signing of the contract have been effected for another grand pyrotechnical display on George's Hill. Assurance is given that this will be fully as imposing and perhaps more interesting than the exhibition on the night of the 18th inst. The time of the occurrence has not been fixed, but there is little doubt that it will be on the night of the 9th of November.

THE MAIN BUILDING.—The Park Commissioners have adopted the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That if the committee of citizens that appeared before this Commission shall organize a corporation satisfactory to this Commission, shall purchase, own and possess the Main Building, fronting on Elm avenue, on or before the 1st of January next, and shall desire to use it for the purpose of a public exhibition, this Commission is willing to give such company a license so to do, together with forty feet of ground around the entire building. No building of any kind will be located on the aforesaid forty feet without the consent of the Park Commission, and upon terms and conditions to be hereinafter agreed upon, in addition to the following which are specifically declared:

First. That the said building shall be removed and the grounds restored at the expense of the corporation within two years after notice from the Park Commission.

Second. That the building and grounds shall be kept in good order and be surrounded by an iron or suitable railing, satisfactory to the Park Commission, if required by them.

Third. That the Park police shall at all times have access to the building and grounds for police purposes, and the Park Commission and any member thereof, at all times.

Fourth. That this license is only given for the purposes of an exhibition, for the pleasure and instruction of the public, and not for the sale of goods, except such as are necessary for carrying out such design.

Fifth. That all laws, ordinances, rules and regulations relating to Fairmount Park shall be strictly observed.

Sixth. That this license shall not be construed to dispense with any special permission required by law, ordinance or rule.

Seventh. That the maximum charge for admission shall be twenty-five cents for five days in the week, and each Saturday ten cents shall be the maximum charge, and if the revenues derived shall be in excess of the amount required to pay needful expenses, additions maintenance, with six per cent. interest upon the actual capital invested by the company, then the admission fee shall be reduced, so that the public may enjoy the exhibition at the lowest possible cost.

Eighth. That no claim, demand or liability, either present and prospective, shall exist or be made against the city of Philadelphia or the Park Commission.

Ninth. That the violation of any of the conditions of this license shall authorize the Commission to revoke the same and to require the removal of the building forthwith.

### CAUSES OF CONJUGAL QUARREL.

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but mere vanity—a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and an inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell to what pitch it amounts to. Thousands of homes would be happy to-morrow if this advice were followed, and the offenders could have the courage to apply it to themselves.

BOOKS are shields to the young. Temptations are blunted on them which otherwise would pierce to the quick. A man who draws sufficient pleasure from books, is independent of the world for his pleasure. Friends may die. Books never are sick, and they do not grow old. Riches melt away. Books are in danger of no bankruptcy. Our companions have their own errands to execute, and their own burdens to bear, and cannot, therefore, be always at hand when we need company. But books never go out from us. They are not sensitive to our neglect; they are never busy; they do not scold us, and they do welcome us with uniform and genial delight.

## LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

"KING LEAR" is to be a grand Shakspearean revival at Booth's Theatre.

THE original "Uncle Tom," the Rev. Josiah Henson, is lecturing in England.

HERR G. SIMON, an eminent German surgeon, has just died at Heidelberg.

COUNT DE CHAMBORD'S reported illness now turns out to have been unfounded.

ONE of the ex-Empress Eugenie's particular friends is dead—the Duchesse de Padua.

PROF. ASA GRAY, of Harvard College, is botanizing on the Roane Mountain, East Tennessee.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP, the vocalist, has been bequeathed $5,000 by a Mrs. Bray, of Australia.

MISS LOUISE M. ALCOTT has a new story ready, entitled "Rose in Bloom," the sequel to "Eight Cousins."

A LONDON firm has brought out a new edition of "Mother Goose," with 300 illustrations by the first English artist.

A NEW novel of Southern life "Blue Blood" said to be from the pen of a member of Congress, will soon be published.

GERMAN papers state that Dr. Hans Von Bulow has entirely recovered his health. He is at Godesberg on the Rhine.

PROF. HUXLEY netted $5,000 by his three lectures in this country. He was offered but declined $5,000 for his address before the John Hopkins University.

THE latest discovery of the literary sceptics is that the "Annals of Tacitus" was not written by Tacitus at all, but was a forgery by the Italian, Poggio Bracciolini.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S house, or rather the lodgings in which he wrote, "The Vicar of Wakefield," at Peckham, is to be demolished to make room for a new block.

THE London *Athenæum* finds fault with the supernatural machinery in Wilkie Collins' last novel, "The Two Destinies." Besides which it pronounces the people in the book commonplace and for the most part disagreeable.

MINNIE PALMER made a great hit with Cazauran's "Kisses" at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis, where she succeeded in drawing $700 a night, continuously for a week.

THE life of Charles Kingsley, which will appear during the present winter season, will contain, as a *fac simile* of his handwriting, the manuscript of his well-known verses, "Three Fishers went Sailing out into the West."

MR. JOHN G. WHITTIER, the poet, has moved from Amesbury to Danvers, Mass., and now lives with a family of relatives named Johnson, who occupy the old home of Colonel Enoch Putnam, an officer of the Revolutionary war.

GEORGE RIPLEY and Charles A. Dana are said to have cleared over eighty thousand dollars each as their share of the profits on the old Appleton's Cyclopædia, and expect to get as much more from editing the new edition of the same work.

AN elegant volume has been published by Dawson Brothers, of Montreal, entitled, "The Intercolonial." It contains a history of the line of railway running through Canada and connecting or intended to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

LOVERS of poetry that is eminently *practical* will be pleased to learn that Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., have in press a new volume by Mrs. J. R. Piatt, under the general title of "That New World," which is also the special title of the leading poem.

THE Rev. W. H. H. Murray modestly proposes to do for the Adirondack region what Mr. Bret Harte has done for California. He has gone into these woods for seven years, and proposes now to write a series of stories or legends connected with them.

MRS. LOUISE POMEROY made her debut in New York as *Juliet* on Monday evening. The critics agree in praising her clothes and her beauty, and in the opinion that she is by no means able to play tragedy, though some of them consider that she would make a fair comedienne.

THE wide audience which Daniel Deronda has secured brings to the front among the booksellers the books relating to the Jews and Jewish literature. There is even some prospect of an English translation of the Talmud, which has been for ages a sealed book to all but Oriental scholars.

THE Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Telegram* writing of "the two men of Sandy Bar," "This play of Bret Harte's is now on the boards in Washington, and draws better than any play we have had here for some time. It comes nearer being an American play than any that has yet appeared."

IN a speech before the curtain, at the California Theatre, Edwin Booth spoke of San Francisco as "the cradle of my young ambitions—almost my professional birthplace." This got into the local papers in the form of a statement that Mr. Booth referred to the city "with much affection" as "the cradle of his genius."

BEING required to report what novels are most popular after those of Scott, Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray and George Eliot, the leading booksellers give in the following as the most salable books, in the order named:—"Jane Eyre," "St. Elmo," "The Wooing O't," "One Summer," "The Scarlet Letter," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "My Wife and I," "The Princess of Thule," "Infelice" and "The Count of Monte Cristo."

THE absence of a just international copyright law tells against our own authors as well as those of England. E. A. McDowell, a Canadian theatre-manager, has been pirating Mr. Boucicault's "Shaughraun" and Mr. Wallack's "Rosedale," which have been his main stock in trade for a year or more. In answer to a letter from the authors denouncing this invasion of their rights, Mr. McDowell avers that he has paid Mr. Boucicault $650, and will pay more when he can, and that he wrote to Mr. Wallack with a view to make arrangements without eliciting a reply, and that as other Canadians have stolen American plays he has a right to do the same.

THEY tell a story of Edwin Booth's last trip to California, which ought to be true if it is not. On the same Pullman car with him was a rather loud California woman who bored the divine Edwin with persistent admiration, saying, among other things, that she would give $100 for a kiss from the great actor. Mr. Booth took no notice of his fair worshipper until, at Omaha, the train was boarded by a poor emigrant, who had been left penniless by a heartless robbery. Mr. Booth gave the poor fellow $100 out of his own pocket, and going over to the lady, asked her if it was true that she had offered $100 for a kiss from him. The Western woman was not to be stumped, and replied boldly that she stood to her offer. Booth gave her a resounding smack, and turned the $100 over to the poor emigrant.

ASTHMA, OR DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, is promptly remedied by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

### ALL EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY LOUISA MERIVALE.

Oh! tell me not this earth is all
A scene of foul decay,
That o'er its joys a funeral pall
Is spread in dark array!

Oh! tell me not there is no love,
No beauty here below!
For God who made the heavens above,
Hath made the earth below!

There's beauty in each earthly thing,
There's mirth and music free;
There's beauty in the birds that sing
On every branch and tree!

There's beauty in the tender blade
That covers hill and field—
In gayer scenes that hill and glade
In rich profusion yield!

There's beauty in each tiny flower
That blooms along the way,
Or decks each cool and shady bower
In rich and bright array!

There's beauty in the mountain rill
That flows along the glade;
There's beauty in the rugged hill,
And in the forest shade!

There's beauty in the summer day,
There's beauty in the night,
That comes to us with gentle lay,
And happy visions bright!

There's beauty in the summer cloud,
And in the April shower—
For these are blessings pure from God,
To gladden leaf and bower!

Oh, yes! all earth is beautiful
With every varied scene;
For, wherese'er the eye may turn,
The hand of God is seen!

# EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol. 48. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

## CHAPTER VII.

"YOU CANNOT DECEIVE ME."

Chancing to meet the men on their search this morning, Mr. Pine learnt that Josiah Bell was missing. The clergyman always made himself quite at home with the men, whether they belonged to his flock or were Wesleyans, striving by friendly persuasion to lead them away from evil. And he did much good no doubt; but this last affair of the Whistlers and the idleness in consequence had been too strong for him. Latterly he had been in very poor health; the result of many years' hard work, and no holiday. Dr. Raynor had now told him that an entire rest of some months had become essential; if he did not take it he would break down. He was a tall, thin, middle-aged man with a worn face. Particularly worn, it looked, as he stood talking with the group of miners this morning.

"I saw Bell last evening myself," observed Mr. Pine. "And I was very sorry to see him as I did, for he could hardly walk straight. I was coming off the Plain and met him at its entrance. He had halted, and was looking about all ways, in doubt—as it struck me—whether he should go on home, or go back whence he had come; which I suppose was that favorite resort of yours, my men, the Golden Shaft. 'You had better go straight home, Bell,' I said to him. 'I'm going that way,' he answered. And he did go that way; for I stood and watched him well into the Plain."

"Well, we can't find him nohow, sir," observed Andrew Float. "What time might that have been, sir, please?"

"Time? Somewhat past seven. I should think it likely that Bell lay down somewhere to sleep the liquor off," added the clergyman, as he prepared to continue his way. "It is not often Bell exceeds as he exceeded yesterday, and therefore it would take more effect upon him." The Bells, it may as well be said, were church people.

Frank Raynor was out on his round this morning, as usual, and paid a visit to Molly Janes—whom he found going on satisfactorily. In passing Mrs. Bell's window, he saw Rosaline: hesitated, and then lifted the latch and went in. He stayed there a minute or two talking with her alone, the mother being up-stairs; and left her with one word, emphatically repeated, "Remember."

When Tomson went home to his midday meal, he informed Mrs. Bell that there was no tidings of her husband. She received the information with incredulity. Much they had searched! she said, as Tomson disappeared; they had just sat themselves down again at the Golden Shaft; that was what they had done, which accusation was this time a libel. She resolved to go and look after him herself when she had eaten her bit of dinner. As to Rosaline, she did not know what to make of her. The girl looked frightfully ill, did not speak, and every now and then was seized with a fit of trembling.

"Such nonsense, child, to let the Whistlers frighten you into this state!" cried Mrs. Bell, tartly.

Dressing herself after dinner, she started for Trennach, charging Rosaline to have the tea ready when she got home.

"I shall be sure to bring your father back with me; I'm not going to stand any nonsense: and you might make a nice bit of buttered toast; it's what he's fond of."

Stepping briskly across the Plain, went Mrs. Bell. Nothing imparts activity of motion like a little access of temper, and she was boiling over with indignation at her husband. The illness from which she was suffering did not deprive her of exertion; and in truth it was not a serious illness yet, though it might become so. Symptoms of a slow, inward complaint were manifesting themselves, and Dr. Raynor was doing his best to subdue them. In his private judgment he feared for the result; but Dame Bell did not suspect that.

Dr. Raynor and his nephew stood in the surgery after their midday dinner, the Doctor with his back to the fire, Frank handing some prepared medicines for delivery to the boy who waited for them. As the latter went out with his basket, Blase Pellet ran over the road and came in, apron on, minus his hat.

"Could you oblige us with a small portion of one or two drugs, sir?" he asked of Dr. Raynor: mentioning the names of those required. "We are quite out of them, and our traveller won't be calling before next week. Mr. Float's respects to you, sir, and he'll be much obliged if you can do it."

"I daresay we can," replied Dr. Raynor. "Just see, Frank, will you?"

As Frank was looking out the drugs, Mr. Pine came in. He was rather fond of running in for a chat with the Doctor and Frank at leisure moments. Frank was an especial favorite of his, with his unaffected good heart and his geniality of nature.

"A fine state of things, is it not!" cried the clergyman, with a general nod round, alluding to the idlers in the streets. "Three days of it, we have had now."

"They will be at work to-morrow, I hear," said the Doctor. "Has Bell turned up yet?"

"No. The men have told me they don't know where to look for him. They have searched everywhere. It seems strange where he can have got to?"

Blase Pellet, standing before the table, waiting for the drugs, caught Frank's eye as the last words were spoken. A meaning gaze shot out from Pellet, and Frank Raynor's face fell as he met it. It plainly said, "You know where he is;" or it seemed to do so to Frank's guilty conscience.

"The fellow must have seen all!" thought Frank. "What on earth will come of it?"

Some one pushed back the half-open door, and stepped in with a bustling gait and rather sharp tongue. Dame Bell; in her Sunday Paisley shawl, and green strings to her bonnet.

"If you please, Dr. Raynor—I beg pardon, gentlefolks"—catching sight of the clergyman standing there—"if you please, Doctor, could you just give me some little thing to quiet Rosaline's nerves. She heard the Seven Whistlers last night, and they've frightened her pretty nigh out of her senses."

"Heard the Seven Whistlers!" repeated the clergyman, a hearty smile crossing his face.

"She did, sir. And pretty near died of it. I'd never have thought Rosaline could be so foolish. But there; it is so, and to-day she's just like one dazed. Not an atom of color in her face; cowed down so as hardly to be able to put one foot afore the other, and every other minute gets a fit of the shivers."

To hear this astounding account of the hitherto gay, light-hearted and self-contained Rosaline Bell, surprised the surgery not a little. Dr. Raynor naturally asked for further particulars; and Dame Bell plunged into the history of the previous night, and went through with it.

"Yes, gentlefolks, those were her very words—almost all we could get out of her: 'Father heard them and they boded death.' I——"

"But you should have tried to have reasoned her out of such nonsense," interrupted Dr. Raynor.

"*Me* have tried!" retorted Dame Bell, taking up the words. "Why sir, it is what I did do. Me and Nancy Tomson both tried our best; but all she answered was just what I now tell ye: 'Father heard the Whistlers, and they boded death.'"

Mr. Blase Pellet, standing with the small packet of drugs in his hand, ready to go, but apparently unable to tear himself away from the narrative, glanced up at Frank with the last words, and again momentarily met his eye. A slight shiver passed through Frank—caught perhaps from hearing of Rosaline's shivers—and he buried his face in a deep drawer, where it could not be seen; as if in search of something missing.

"Well, it is a pity Rosaline should suffer herself to be alarmed at anything of the sort," observed Dr. Raynor; "but I will send her a composing draught. Are you going home now, Mrs. Bell?"

"As soon as I can find my husband, sir. I've come in to look for him. Tomson wanted to persuade me that he and Float and a lot more of them had been hunting after him all the morning; but I know better. Bell has got inside one of their houses, and there he's sleeping the fumes of drink off."

"The men have just told me they can't find him," said the clergyman. "I know they have been searching."

"There's an old saying, sir, 'If you want a thing done, do it yourself.' Fine searching, I've no doubt it has been!—the best part of it inside the Golden Shaft. I'm going to look him up myself—and if you please, Dr. Raynor, I'll make bold to call in, as I go back, for the physic for Rosaline."

Unbelieving Mrs. Bell departed. Blase Pellet followed her. Dr. Raynor told Frank what to make up for Rosaline, and then he himself went out with Dr. Pine.

A few minutes afterwards, Edina softly opened the surgery door, and glanced in. She generally came cautiously, not knowing whether patients might be in or not. But there was only Frank. And Frank had his arms on the desk, and his head buried on them. The attitude certainly told of despondency, and Edina stood in astonishment: it was so unlike the gay-hearted young man.

"Why, Frank! What is the matter?"

He pulled himself up with a start, and stared, bewildered, at Edina; as if his thoughts had been far away, and he could not all in a moment bring them back again. Edina saw the trouble in his unguarded face, but he smoothed it away instantly.

"You have not seemed at all yourself since last night, Frank," said she in a low tone, as she advanced further into the room. "Something or other has happened, I am sure. Is it anything that I can set right?—or help you in?"

"Now, Edina, don't run away with fancies," rejoined he, as gaily as though he had not a care in the world. "There's nothing at all the matter with me. I suppose I had dropped asleep over the physic. One does not stay out raking till three o'clock in the morning every day, you know."

"You cannot deceive me, Frank," rejoined Edina, her true, thoughtful eyes fixed earnestly upon him. "I—I cannot help fancying that it is in some way connected with Rosaline Bell," she added, lowering her voice. "I hope you are not getting into any entanglement—falling in love with her; or anything of that kind?"

"Not a bit of it," readily answered Frank.

"Well, Frank, if I can do anything to aid you in any way, you have only to ask me; you know that," concluded Edina, perceiving he was not inclined to speak. "Always remember this much, Frank, that in any trouble or perplexity, the best course is, to look it straight in the face, freely and fully. It takes away half its sting."

In the days gone by there were three of the Brothers Raynor—Francis, Henry, and Hugh. Francis entered the army; Henry the church; and Hugh the medical profession. With the two former we have at present nothing to do. Hugh Raynor passed his examinations satisfactorily, and took all his degrees—thus becoming Dr. Raynor. Chance and fortune favored him. He was at once taken by the hand by an old doctor who had an excellent practice in May Fair, and became his assistant and his frequent companion. The old doctor had one only child, a daughter, who was just as much taken with Hugh (and he with her) as was her father. They were married; and on the death of the old doctor shortly afterwards, Dr. Raynor succeeded to a good deal of the practice. He was quite a young man still, thoroughly well intentioned, but not so prudent as he might have been. He and his wife lived rather extravagantly, and the Doctor sometimes found himself short of ready money. They resided in the same house that had been the old doctor's; and they, heedlessly, and perhaps unconsciously, made the mistake of beginning where he had left off; that is, they continued their housekeeping on the same scale as his; maintained the same expenses, horses, carriages, and entertainments. The result was, that Dr. Raynor in the course of four or five years found himself considerably involved. In an evil moment, thinking to make money by which to redeem his fortune, he embarked his name (and as much money as he could scrape together) in one of the bubble schemes of the day. A scheme which, according to its prospectus, and its promoters' stout assertions, and the credulous Doctor's own belief, was safe and sure to realize an immense fortune in no time.

Instead of that, it realized poverty and ruin. The scheme failed—the usual result—and Dr. Raynor found himself responsible for more money than he would ever make in the world. Misfortunes, it has been too often said, do not come alone. Dr. Raynor proved an example of it. Just before the bubble burst, he lost his wife; and the only one element of comfort that crept to him in the midst of his bitter grief for her, was to know that she died before the other blow fell.

A frightful blow it was, tending well-nigh to utterly prostrate Dr. Raynor. The angry creditors of the ruthless company took all from him, even to the gold watch upon his person. They sold up his furniture, his books, his carriages and horses, and everything; and they told him he might thank their leniency that they did not put him in prison until he could pay up the scores of thousands of pounds they made out he was responsible for. The fact was, the promoters of the company, and those of its directors who possessed funds, had gone over to the Continent; and there remained only the poor Doctor, innocent and honorable, to pitch upon.

Turned out of house and home, his name in the public papers, his prospects gone, Dr. Raynor felt as though he should be glad to die. He did not even attempt to retain his practice; his only care was to get away from the scene of his prosperity and hide his humiliated head forever. His only little child, Edina, was five years old; and for her sake he must try and get a roof over his head and a bit of bread to eat. So he looked out for employment after awhile, as far away from London and in as obscure a corner as might be, and obtained it amidst the collieries in North Warwickshire, as assistant to a general practitioner. After remaining there for some years, he heard of an opening at Trennach. The surgeon of the place, who was an old man and wanted to retire, chanced to know Dr. Raynor, and offered him the succession upon very easy terms. It was accepted, and the Doctor removed to Trennach. The returns from the practice were very small at first, scarcely enabling him to get along, for it lay almost entirely among the poor; but subsequently Dr. Raynor dropped into a better class of practice as well, through the death of another surgeon some two or three miles from Trennach. And here he had remained, a sad and silent man ever since the misfortunes of his early days, living as retired a life as might be. His only care, his constant companion, had been his beloved child, Edina. He had trained her to be all that a woman should be—true, earnest, thoughtful, good. Not many women in this world were like Edina Raynor.

The only sister of the three brothers Raynor had married a London banker, Timothy Atkinson, the junior partner in the house of Atkinson and Atkinson. When Edina was two-and-twenty years of age, she went on a visit to her aunt in London. Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Atkinson had no children, and in these later years she had become an invalid. She was also eccentric and capricious; and for the first few days after her arrival, Edina thought she should not enjoy her visit at all. Timothy Atkinson was a sociable little man but he spent all his time in the business down stairs—for they lived at the banking house.

But soon a change came. George Atkinson, the son of the elder partner, found out Edina; and, perhaps pitying her loneliness, or out of courtesy, he constituted himself her cavalier. He was nine or ten years older than Edina; a rather silent young man of middle height and grave courtesy, with a pleasant voice and thoughtful face. He was not strong, and there had been some talk of his having been ordered to travel for his health; but the death of his mother had intervened. But, though a silent man to the world in general, he was eloquent to Edina. At least, she found him so. As though they had been the real cousins that Mrs. Atkinson sometimes called them, he was allowed to take her everywhere. To the theatres, the opera, the gardens; to all the shows and sights of London, Edina was entrusted to the care of George Atkinson. Sometimes Mrs. Atkinson was with them; more often she was not.

And better care he could not have taken of her had she been his cousin or sister, or shown himself more solicitous for her comfort. Honorable in principle, instinctively kind, upright in character, noble in sentiment, there was in George Atkinson a chivalrous devotion to women, that could but betray itself in manner and tell upon those on whom it was exercised. It told upon Edina. Before one-half of their few week's companionship together had passed, she had learned to love George Atkinson with a lasting love.

Many a half hour did he spend talking to her in low, gentle accents of his recently dead mother. His love, his reverence, his still lively grief for her loss, was expressed in the truest and most tender terms. This alone would have taken Edina's heart by storm. She believed there lived not another man in the world who was so true a gentleman, so estimable and admirable in all respects as George Atkinson. Indeed he was rather much so, as young men go; and neither Edina nor any other girl need feel aught but pride at being chosen by him.

## CHAPTER VIII.

EDINA'S ROMANCE.

Poor Edina! It was the one great mistake of her life. While George Atkinson had no ulterior thought of her, hope was whispering to her heart the possibility that they might pass their future lives together. And oh, what an Eden it would have been for Edina! She loved him with all the intensity of a pure and fresh young heart; while he, though no doubt liking her very much indeed; nay, perhaps even loving her a little bit just in one corner of his waistcoat; had no intentions beyond the present hour. He knew he was strong; and he meant to see what travelling, far and wide, would do to make him more so. Consequently he did not give a thought to marriage.

It was only the last day of her stay, the one previous to her departure for home, that the revelation came to Edina, and her eyes were opened all too abruptly. They were together in the drawing-room the half-hour before dinner. Mr. Timothy Atkinson had not come up from the counting-house, his wife was yet in her chamber. It was a lovely day in late spring. Edina stood by one of the open windows, which had been made into a sort of small fernery. The western sunlight was playing upon the leaves, and touching her own smooth hair and her fair young face.

"It is very beautiful—but I think very delicate," observed Edina, in regard to a new specimen of fern just planted, which they were both looking at. "Do you think it will live?"

George Atkinson passed his fingers underneath the small leaf, and somehow they met Edina's, which were also there. He did not seem to notice the momentary contact; her pulses thrilled at it.

"Oh yes, Edina, it will live and flourish," he answered. "In six months' time you will see what it will be."

"*You* may," she said smiling. "It will be a great many more months than six, I suppose, before I am here again. Perhaps it may be years."

"Indeed, Edina, I am not likely to be here long. But for my mother's death and my father's breaking health, I should have been gone before this."

"But you will return?" said Edina.

"Some time I may. I cannot answer for it."

"What do you mean, George?"

"Not very much," he answered, with a grave and kindly smile in his dark grey eyes. "An idea crosses my mind now and then, that when once I get into those genial lands, where the skies are blue and the winds temperate, I shall be in no hurry to quit them. Of course I don't say that I shall remain there for life; but—it might happen."

A pang, sharp as a two-edged sword, struck Edina. "What, and abandon your country for ever, and—and home ties?"

"As to home ties, Edina, there's only my father now. Of course my future movements will be regulated with reference to him as long as he is with us. But—I fear—that may not be very much longer. As you know."

She made a slight movement of assent; and bent her head lower over the ferns.

"And I shall not be likely to make home ties for myself," went on Mr. George Atkinson, unconscious of the anguish he was inflicting. "I shall never marry."

"Why?" breathed Edina.

"I scarcely know why," he replied after a pause, as if he were searching for the reason. "I have never entertained the idea. I fancy I shall like a life of travel best. And so—when once we part, Edina—and that must be to-morrow you say, though I think you might have remained longer—it is hard to say when we shall meet again. If we ever do."

"Halloa, who's here? Oh it is you, George; and Edina! Where's your aunt? Dinner must be nearly ready."

The interruption to the silence came from brisk little Timothy Atkinson, who bounded into the room with quick steps and his shining bald head.

As Edina turned at his entrance George Atkinson caught the expression of her face; the strange sadness in its eyes, its hue of pallor. She looked like one who had received a shock. All at once a revelation broke upon him, as if from subtle instinct. For an instant he stood motionless, one hand pushing back his brown hair; hair that was very much the same shade as Edina's.

"It may be better so," he said in a whisper, meeting her yearning eyes with his earnest gaze. "At any rate I have thought so. Better for myself, better for all."

The tall, large, portly frame of Mrs. Timothy Atkinson, clothed with rich crimson satin, rolled into the room, and the conversation was at an end. And with it, as Edina knew, her life's romance.

"God bless you, Edina," George Atkinson said to her the next day, as he attended her to the station with Mr. Timothy, and clasped her hand at parting. "When I return to England in years to come—if ever I do return—I shall find you a blooming matron, with a husband and a flock of children about you. Farewell."

As she sat back in the swiftly-speeding railway carriage, not striving, in these the early moments of anguished awaking, to do battle with her breaking heart, she knew that the blow would last her for all time. Her father thought her changed when she arrived, and also as the days went on. She was more quiet, more subdued; sad, even, at times. He little knew the struggle that was going on within her, or the incessant strivings to subdue the recollection of the past, and from henceforth to make duty her guide. She got over it in time; but it exercised an influence upon her still.

And that had been Edina Raynor's romance in life, and its ending. And now we go on with the story.

When another day had dawned over Trennach, and still the absent man, Josiah Bell, did not return, his wife's exasperation gave place to real anxiety. She could not even guess what had become of him, or where he could be. Suspicion was unable to make itself a loop-hole in any particular quarter; not a shadow of ground did there appear for it. Had the man taken refuge in any of the miners' houses, as she had supposed, there he would still be; but there he was not. Had he stretched himself somewhere on the Bare Plain to sleep off the stupidity arising from the liquor, as suggested by Mr. Pine, there he would have been found. No; the miners' dwellings and the Plain were alike guiltless of harboring him; and Mrs. Bell was puzzled nearly out of her wits.

It cannot be said that as yet fear assailed her of any fatal accident, or issue. The mystery of where her husband could be was a great one, at present utterly unaccountable; but she never supposed but that it would be solved by his re-appearance sooner or later. And she had given Mr. Blase Pellet a sharp set-down upon his hinting that there might exist some question of it.

It had occurred the previous day. After her unsuccessful search in person at the miners' dwellings, she had turned homewards, and was walking down the street of Trennach, in a state of much inward wonder, when she saw Float the druggist outside his door, and crossed over to enlarge upon the matter to him; Mr. Blase Pellet of course gliding forward from behind the counter to listen to the conference. "Bell's safe to turn up soon," remarked the druggist, who was a peaceful man. "Turn up! of course he'll turn up," replied the dame; "and he will get such a dressing from me, when he does, that I don't think he'll be for hiding himself again o' one while." Upon that, Pellet spoke: "Suppose he never does turn up?—suppose he's dead—or something of that kind?" The suggestion angered Mrs. Bell. "Be you a heathen, Blase Pellet, to invent such a thought as that?" she demanded in wrath. "What do you suppose Bell's likely to die from?—and where?" And, leaving Mr. Pellet to repent of his rashness, the dame marched over to Dr. Raynor's to get the composing draught promised for Rosaline. And then home she went with it, fully expecting that by that time the truant would have made his appearance there.

But he had not. Rosaline had prepared the tea and toast, according to orders, but no Bell was there to partake of it. Nancy Tomson shared it instead. All the rest of the evening Dame Bell was looking out for him; and exchanging suggestions with her neighbors, who kept dropping in. Rosaline scarcely spoke; never unless she was spoken to. The same cold white hue sat on her face, the same involuntary shiver, lasting now but a moment, shook at times her frame. The gossips gazed at her with curiosity—as a specimen of the fright those dreaded Whistlers had power to inflict.

They sat up later than usual, waiting for Bell, but waiting in vain, and then they went to rest. Mrs. Bell did not sleep as well as usual; she was disturbed with doubts of where he could be, and by repeated fancyings that she heard his step outside. Once she got up and opened the casement, and looked out; but there was nothing to be seen, save the great Bare Plain lying bleak and silent under the silver moonlight.

So this morning she was again up betimes, for she surely believed the day must bring him; and the house work went on as usual. The miners had gone to work again, and all was quiet out of doors.

It had been another night of sleeplessness for Rosaline, another prolonged space of remorse and terror. She had undressed and got into bed, and there she lay until morning, living through her fits of despondency, and striving to plan out for the future. To stay at Trennach would, she felt, be simply impossible; if she did, she should die of it; she firmly believed that only to pass by the Bottomless Shaft again and look at it would kill her. Discovery must come, she supposed, sooner or later; but she dared not stay in the place to face it.

Her mother's sister had married a Cornish man, who kept a shop in Falmouth. His name was John Pellet, and he was cousin to Blase Pellet's father. So that in point of fact there was no relationship between the Bells and Blase, although Blase enlarged upon their "cousinship" and Rosaline admitted it. They were only connections. Mrs. Pellet had a small business as a milliner; she had no children and could well attend to it. She and her husband, what with his trade and her work, were very comfortably off. She was fond of Rosaline and frequently had her at Falmouth. It was to this refuge that Rosaline's thoughts were now turned.

"Mother," she said, coming into the kitchen after putting the upstairs rooms in order, Mrs. Bell having this morning undertaken to wash up the breakfast things, "mother, I think I shall go to Falmouth."

"Go where?" cried Dame Bell in her surprise.

"To Aunt Pellet's."

"Why, what on earth put that in your head, Rose?"

Rosaline did not answer immediately. She had caught up the brass ladle, that chanced to lie on the table, and a piece of wash-leather from the knife-box, and was rubbing away at the ladle.

"Aunt will be glad to see me, mother. She always is."

"Glad to see you! What of that? Why do you want to go just now?—And what are you polishing up that ladle for?" went on Mrs. Bell, uniting the two grievances together. "They brasses and tins had a regular cleaning last Saturday, for I did 'em myself."

Again Rosaline did not speak. As Mrs. Bell glanced at her, waiting for some rejoinder, she was struck with the girl's utter pallor, her look of misery altogether. Rosaline burst into tears.

"Oh, mother, don't hinder me?" she cried, imploringly, dropping the ladle with a clatter, and raising her hands in supplication. "I *can't* stay here. I must go away."

"You are afraid of hearing the Seven Whistlers again!"

"Let me go, mother; let me go!" piteously sobbed Rosaline. And her mother thought she had never seen anybody in so deplorable a state of agitation before.

"Well, well, child, we'll see.—I wish the Whistlers had been somewhere! It is most unreasonable to let them take hold on you in this way. A bit of an absence will put you all right again and drive the thoughts out of your head. You shall go for a week, child, as soon as your father comes home."

"I must go to-day," said Rosaline.

"Go to-day!"

"Don't keep me, mother," besought Rosaline. "You don't know what it is for me here. These past two nights I have never once closed my eyes; no, not for a moment. Let me start at once, mother! oh mother, let me go! I shall have brain fever if I stay."

"Well, I never!" cried Mrs. Bell, better words failing her to express her astonishment. "I never did think you could put yourself into this unseemly fantigue, child; no not for all the Whistlers in the air. As to starting off to Falmouth to-day, why you could not have your things ready."

"They can be ready in half an hour," returned Rosaline eagerly, her lips feverish with excitement. "I have already put them together."

"Well, I am sure!—taking French leave, in that way, before you found whether you might go or not! There, there; don't begin to cry and shake again. There's an afternoon train. And—and perhaps your father will be in before that."

"It is the best train I could go by," said Rosaline, turning to hang up the polished brass ladle on its book by the dresser.

"It's not the best; it's the worst," contradicted Mrs. Bell. "It does not get into Falmouth till night."

"Oh yes it does," said Rosaline anxiously, "quite early enough. Why, mother, I shall be at Aunt Pellet's soon after dark." And she crossed the kitchen with a quicker step than had been seen since that past miserable Tuesday night, and opened the staircase door.

"And suppose your father does not come home first?" debated Mrs. Bell, only half pleased at the tacit leave she had given. "How will you reconcile yourself to go away in the uncertainty, Rose?"

Rose did not answer. She only shut the door and ran up the stairs.

"What in the world does all the child?" exclaimed Dame Bell, considerably put out. "It's my belief the fright has turned her head."

She made no farther opposition to the journey. A woman in most kinds of sickness, she recognized the fact that change of some sort might be necessary for Rosaline. Still Bell did not return, and still the day went on.

In the afternoon Rosaline started, with a band-box and hand-bag. Nancy Tomson had volunteered to accompany her to the station.

"I might perhaps have managed the walk to the train; I don't know; it's a goodish step there and back," said Dame Bell as Rosaline stood before her, to say good-bye. "But you see, child, I want to wait in for your father. I'd not like him to find an empty house on his return."

Rosaline burst into a fit of sobbing, and laid hold of her mother as if she were seeking protection from some terror. And once again Mrs. Bell was puzzled, and could not make her out at all.

"Oh mother dear, take care of yourself! take care of yourself! And forgive me for all the ill I have ever done! Forgive, forgive me!"

"Goodness bless me, child, there's nothing to forgive that I know of!" testily cried Dame Bell, not accustomed to this kind of leave-taking. "I shall have care of myself; never fear. Mind you take care of yourself, Rose; them steam railways be risky things to travel by; and give my love to your aunt and respects to Pellet."

"And we'd better be going," put in Nancy Tomson, who had got on her Sunday cloak and bonnet for the occasion. "The trains don't wait for nobody."

They were in ample time for this one; perhaps Rosaline had taken care of that; arriving, in fact, twenty minutes too soon. Rosaline got into it when it came up, and was steamed away.

In returning Nancy Tomson met Frank Raynor. He was on horseback; riding along very leisurely.

"Good-day," said he, nodding to her in passing. "Been out galivanting?" he added in his light way.

"I've been a seeing Rosaline Bell off by one o' they trains, sir," answered the woman. And Frank checked his horse as he heard it and sat as still as a statue.

"Where has she gone to?"

"Off on a maggot to Falmouth. They Whistlers went and give her a prime fright, sir; she's hardly done shaking yet. She be gone to her aunt's to forget it."

"Oh to be sure," carelessly assented Frank; and rode on.

A few minutes afterwards, when near Trennach, he met Mrs. St. Clare's carriage; herself, two ladies, and Lydia seated in it. The coachman pulled up by orders. Of course Frank had to do the same.

"Have you been to the Mount, Mr. Raynor?"

"No, I have been across to Pendon," he answered, keeping his hat off; and the breeze took advantage of that to stir the waves of his bright hair.

"This makes two days that we have seen nothing of you," said Mrs. St. Clare. "You have not been near us since Tuesday night."

A faint flush passed over his face. He murmured something about having been very busy himself—concluded they were occupied—speaking in a rather confused manner; not at all like the usual ready one of Frank Raynor.

"Well, we shall see you this evening, Mr. Raynor. You are coming to dine with us?"

Very hastily he declined the invitation. "I cannot come, thank you," he said. "I shall have patients to see, and must stay at home."

"But you must come; you are to come," rejoined Mrs. St. Clare. "I have seen Dr. Raynor, and he has promised that you shall. Finally, Mr. Raynor, you will very much oblige me by doing so."

What further objection could Frank make? None. He gave the required assent, together with a sweeping bow, as the carriage drove on.

"What a bright-looking, handsome man!" exclaimed one of the ladies to Mrs. St. Clare. "I really do not remember, though, to have seen him the night of the ball, as you say I did."

"Oh, he stuck himself in a corner all the night," put in Lydia. "I don't believe he came out of it once, or danced at all."

"He is too good-looking for a doctor. I should tremble for my daughters' hearts."

"*Being* a doctor, there is, I hope, no cause for me to tremble for those of mine," haughtily replied Mrs. St. Clare. "Not but that he is of fairly good family and expectations; the eldest son of Major Raynor and the heir to Eagles Nest."

Mrs. St. Clare, unconsciously to herself, was not altogether correct in this statement. But it may go for the present.

Frank rode home. Dr. Raynor was out; and he went into the parlor to Edina. She sat in the bow window, darning stockings.

"Why did Uncle Hugh promise Mrs. St. Clare that I should dine at the Mount to-night? Do you know, Edina?"

"Because she invited you, I suppose. I saw the carriage at the door and papa standing at it as he talked to them. Don't you care to go?"

"Not this evening—particularly."

"Papa just looked in here afterwards and said would I tell you that they were to dine at the Mount. I thought you were fond of dining there, Frank."

"So I am sometimes. Where's Uncle Hugh?"

"He has been sent for to the parsonage. Mr. Pine is not well."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# FARM AND GARDEN.

TO DESTROY THE GREEN CABBAGE-WORM.—A. A. Southwick, farm superintendent of Massachusetts Agricultural College, writes to the *Ploughman* that "to destroy the green cabbage worm, dissolve a handful of nitrate of potash in a pailful of water, and sprinkle the plants with the solution. This is best done with a brush."

CURBS FOR A VICIOUS HORSE.—A horse, no matter how vicious and obstinate he may be when attempts are made to shoe him, can be rendered quiet and manageable by making him inspire, during the operation, a few grains of the ethereal oil of parsley dropped on a handkerchief. A large number of trials of this substance have been made with the most troublesome and violent animals and in every case with perfect success.—*Suisse Romande*.

VALUE OF ROAD DUST.—During the dry seasons of the late summers, every country resident should secure several barrels of road dust. It is worth many times its cost as an absorbent. Those who keep poultry secure by its use a valuable fertilizer, nearly as strong as guano, with none of its disagreeable odor. Place an inch or two of road dust in the bottom of the barrel; then, as the poultry house is regularly cleaned, deposit a layer an inch thick of the cleanings, and so on alternately, layers of each till the barrel is full. The thinner each layer is, the more perfect will be the intermixture of the ingredients. If the soil of which the road dust is made is clayey, the layers of each may be of equal thickness; if sandy, the dust should be at least twice as thick as the layers of droppings. Old barrels of any kind may be used for this purpose; but if previously soaked with crude petroleum or coated with gas tar, they will last many years. If the contents are pounded on a floor into a fine powder before applying, the fertilizer may be sown from a drill. Road dust is one of the most perfect deodorizers of vaults—converting their contents also into rich manure. Place a barrel or box of it in the closet, with a small dipper, and throw down a pint into the vault each time it is occupied, and there will be no offensive odor whatever. This is simpler, cheaper, and better than a water-closet, and never freezes or gets out of order. Mixing the road dust with an equal bulk of coal ashes is an improvement, making the fertilizer more friable.

HOW TO MANAGE CUTTINGS.—Cuttings of grape vines, currants, gooseberries, quinces, etc., should be cut in the fall, but not till frosts have caused the leaves to fall, in November or into in October. If left till spring, they are less liable to grow, because the buds of the cuttings require some months of time to callous over preparatory to sending out roots. All cuttings should be from eight to twelve or more inches long, to be cut off an inch or two above the upper bud, and square off close to the lower one, two buds at least to the cutting. In taking grape cuttings, wait till November, when the vines should be pruned, and have two buds only to each, when the joints are long enough to set them as much as six inches deep in the ground, leaving the upper bud about even with the surface of the soil. But when the joints are very short cut them with three eyes. They may be preserved in different ways. You may pack them in boxes mixed with sand, and put in your cellar, to be kept moderately moist; or they may be kept in sand in boxes kept out of doors all winter. In a climate where snow usually covers the ground all winter, with but little rain till spring, cuttings may be laid upon the ground in a dry place in layers, and covered with any soil about a foot thick over all, packing the earth firmly between each layer; but in a climate where but little or no snow falls, this system is liable to fail to preserve them, being kept too wet from frequent rains. In such localities the cuttings may be set out in November where they are to grow, covering the upper buds (to be as before stated, near the surface of the ground) with hay or straw to protect them. The wetness of the soil may kill the lower buds, but that will not prevent their taking root the following season. The rules for managing grape cuttings, as regards their preservation, apply to all others. I think, however, the safest way would be to set the cuttings in November very thick, as close as they can be set, in trenches temporarily till spring, and then set them where they are to grow, or the frosts of winter might heave them up some if set permanently. The upper buds in both cases are to be above ground, and covered with hay or straw.

## COCOON ENTERPRISE.

Ruby had studied the method of raising silk-worms pretty thoroughly, having spent the previous spring helping Antoinette Crozier—a little French girl—tend her cocoon crop at M. de Bosciere's silk colony.

The morning after Bell's arrival she went with Ruby to examine the buds upon the mulberry trees.

They had begun to swell, and Ruby pronounced it time to "set" the eggs. She and Bell then went into the cellar, a dry, well-ventilated place, with sufficient light to enable them to work without a candle.

The eggs were preserved on cards of pasteboard, suspended from the ceiling by a string. Ruby had kept the eggs in that way through the winter.

When the last card had been taken down and laid upon a hanging shelf, Ruby said to Bell:

"I'm afraid you'll object to having silk-worms for room-mates, but I'd arranged to establish the cocoonery in the spare bedroom, that being the sunniest room of the house."

"They'll not intrude upon me while they're in the egg. I can move into your chamber when they begin to crawl about the room," said Bell.

Ruby laughed at Bell's ignorance of silk-worm habits, and they carried the eggs to the spare chamber, or cocoonery, as it must now be called.

Before the south window was built a tier of tables with raised edges, the topmost one reaching nearly to the ceiling of the room. On these tables stood shallow boxes, ready to receive the pasteboard bearing the eggs. Step-ladders stood on either side the tier, that the upper tables might be reached without difficulty. The windows of the room were fitted outside with frames covered with light cloth, that the air might infiltrate slowly, without blowing directly on the worms.

When the "setting" was accomplished, Ruby consulted the thermometer for the regulation of the temperature.

"It must not go below 75, nor above 80," she said. "It stands 77 this morning. If the heat increases much, by afternoon we'll have to raise the windows for a little while."

The girls had little to do for the next ten days. At the end of that time the eggs began to turn from a deep violet to light blue, or ashy color, indicating that they would soon hatch, and would need watching.

On the eleventh morning a large number of the eggs had turned quite white, and out of each had emerged a tiny black silkworm, showing signs of active life.

"Now comes the taking up," said Ruby, animatedly. She and Bell gathered a number of small mulberry twigs, each bearing two or three leaves, and laid them softly on the worms, spacing them to suit the quantity hatched.

The leaves were soon covered with worms, and the girls took the twigs up gently and laid them on newspapers spread beside the the boxes on the tables. Care was taken to leave a broad margin, as silkworms grow very fast, and after each meal need more space.

"'Twill probably take four days for all of them to hatch," said Ruby, "and we'll have to feed them on scientific principles, that they may come out even. Do you know the age of silk-worms is reckoned by the number of meals they eat?"

"Some small boys would be aged men if the human calendar were reckoned in that way," said Bell, laughing.

A new army of worms arrived each morning, until, on the fourth day, the last of them were hatched. The worms were separated as they came out, the first hatched being fed three times a day, while the next in order were fed six times, until they had overtaken the first in age, when they were ready to join the others, and receive a regular allowance of six meals a day.

"Now they're ready for the first moulting," Ruby said, when the worms had become of the same age. "Silk-worms have five ages. They go through four moultings, or change their skins four times, before they are ready to spin their cocoons."

"Dear me!" we can never bring them out of all that tribulation alive," said Bell, dismayed.

The period from hatching to the first moulting is a very delicate one with silk-worms. Ruby and Bell felt almost as if they had the care of a multitude of babies on their hands. They fed them six times a day, with the youngest, tenderest leaves the three days in succession. At the end of this time the most of the worms were buried beneath the leaves. As many as could be seen had short, thick-set bodies, large heads, and seemed entirely inanimate. This indicated that they had passed into the sleep which precedes the first moulting.

When the next meal was served, a large number of greedy strangers emerged from under the leaves, with lengthened, slender bodies of lighter color, and with snouts changed also in color, and twice their former size. The worms had passed through their first moulting.

With the second moulting the silk-worms became of an almost ashy hue. The third rendered them still lighter, larger, and more ravenous, with feet the color of white and yellow silk.

At this stage an unlooked for incident occurred.—Mrs. Theodore Jennes, in November *Wide Awake*.

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Girls and Understanding.—Young girls, who have more vivacity than understanding, will often make a sprightly figure in conversation. But this agreeable talent for entertaining others is frequently dangerous to themselves; nor is it by any means to be desired or encouraged very early in life. Conversation should be the *result* of education, not the *precursor* of it. It is a golden fruit when suffered to grow on the tree of knowledge; but, if precipitated by forced and unnatural means, it will in the end become vapid, in proportion as it is artificial.

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Rewards of Fidelity.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around; when sickness falls on the heart; when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moved them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare; but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

## THE EMERALD RING.

BY FLORENCE GREY.

In one of the splendid palaces of the Russian capital, a fair young girl threw herself upon the crimson cushions of the divan in the embrasure of a large window. Alarm and anxiety were depicted on her features, and she constantly clasped and unclasped her small hands, and nervously arose and looked out into the street, and then reseated herself as if awaiting some painful intelligence. It was the fair young Natalie Radetski, the beauty of the Russian Court, upon whom nature and fortune had showered every gift, and for whom even the stern features of the Emperor Nicholas would relax into something like a smile as he looked upon her beauty and grace.

Hastily the door opened, and a young man advanced toward her.

"I am to bid you farewell, Natalie," he said, in a voice broken by emotion.

"Oh, Alexis! what is it?" cried the young girl.

"I have displeased the Emperor, and he has ordered my arrest."

"The Emperor will pardon you—I will go to him," said she. "He will not refuse me. He has always been so kind to me."

"Alas! my Natalie. He will refuse you this. The Emperor believes me concerned in a conspiracy, and he never forgives. I am innocent, but he will not believe it. I know not what is to be done with me; but if I am sent to Siberia——"

"To Siberia! Oh, Alexis! it cannot be—it cannot be!"

For a moment, neither spoke. At length, with a powerful effort at self-control, the young man said, "Natalie, let me place this ring upon your finger, and promise me that you will wear it always in memory of what my love has been to you. The Emperor will force you to marry. I do not wish the thought of me to make you always wretched."

He placed upon her finger a ring, in which was a single emerald of great brilliancy.

"Do not take it off, nor read the inscription, till you hear certainly that I have been banished," he said. A shiver of horror ran through her frame, but he went on firmly. "Then read it; it will comfort you. Now I must go. The Emperor allowed me this interview, and the guards are awaiting me."

He clasped her convulsively to his breast, kissed her brow and lips, and laying her gently upon the divan, passed out. In the street the guards awaited him.

The words of her lover did not deter her from attempting to save him. She sent a petition to the Emperor, imploring an interview; but it was denied her. She waylaid the Empress.

"My poor child," said the Empress, kindly, "I would gladly take you to the Emperor, even at the risk of incurring his displeasure; but it is too late. Alexis Potemkin has been sent to Siberia for life."

Natalie heard her not.

"Lift her up," said the Empress; "she has fainted."

But Natalie had not fainted. Slowly, but resolutely, she rose, and making a gesture of respectful submission to the Empress begged leave to retire.

When Natalie reached her own apartment, she drew from her finger that ring that Alexis had placed upon it, and read the inscription carved upon the inside in French—"Death is the only consoler," it said. "We shall meet in Heaven!"

There is no place more dreary, more terrible, even in imagination, than the mines in Siberia. Bleak and comfortless as is the climate, it is the least cause of suffering endured by the unfortunate criminals who are thus condemned to slavery far worse than death. Chained so heavily that they can hardly perform the labor imposed on them; watched by cruel overseers ever ready, with whip in hand, to punish any flagging or rebellion, the wretched sufferers have no relief from incessant wearying toil, blows, and coarse, hard face, until death mercifully puts an end to their trials.

Among the condemned in a large quicksilver mine in the very heart of the country, thousands of versts from St. Petersburg, stooped at his daily toil a form whose tall and noble proportions even his coarse habit scarcely shrouded. The same unearthly pallor was on his countenance, as upon that of every toiler in those fearful regions, but his eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy. Every now and then he raised them for a moment, as if in prayer, and his thin hands were clasped tightly to his breast while he murmured the name of Natalie. He had but one hope—death, the consoler, would come soon. His delicate frame, unused to labor, and exposed to the rigor of an Arctic climate, soon yielded to the unhealthiness of his occupation; and he was fast sinking under his trials. Yes, death would come, gentle death—and his heart leaped with a momentary joy. The brutal overseer might curse, and his lash might cut deeply into the delicate flesh; but death would come at last, and with it consolation.

The struggle was not long. A few days of confinement to a hard pallet, a few nights of suffering, and the fiat, which even an imperial decree could not stop, went forth. The victim was released.

Three months after this, the Grand Chamberlain of Russia presented himself before Mademoiselle Radetski, and summoned her to the presence of the Emperor.

When conducted to the palace, his Majesty dismissed the gentleman in waiting, and signed her to approach. His stern features were contracted by an expression of deep displeasure.

"Why does Mademoiselle Radetski wear mourning?" he said. "Does she mourn for conspirators who would subvert the government and bring destruction upon the country?"

"No, sire," she answered. "I wear mourning for one whom your Majesty saw fit to condemn, but to whom, by your express command, I promised my hand."

"We will not discuss the past," replied the Czar, coldly. "I sent for you for a different purpose. I have chosen a husband for you."

"Mercy, sire!" exclaimed Natalie, clasping her hands imploringly. "Do not force me to marry."

"Force, Mademoiselle! that is an ugly word. I, your Emperor, recommend your acceptance of the suit of a young nobleman of high rank. There are reasons of state which make me expressly desire this marriage. And, Natalie," he added, his harsh tone and manner softening visibly, "grief should not be eternal. Life is not given us to waste in idle sorrow for what is irremediable; and now ties will bring you solace, and in time, happiness."

As she pressed her hands to her bosom, in a momentary spasm of pain, he observed the glittering emerald that encircled her finger.

"So splendid a jewel is hardly befitting a mourning garb, Mademoiselle. May I see the ring?"

Poor Natalie murmured faintly, "Your Majesty will not take it from me?"

"I will return it," replied the Emperor, as he examined the inscription. "Death, the consoler!" he murmured to himself. "Yes, death is the great healer and comforter."

His rigid features relaxed into an expression of deep pity as he remarked her wasted appearance and pallid features; but nothing of this was perceptible in his tone as he said, "It is my will, Mademoiselle, that you should be married a month from this day. The time will come when you will thank me for this decision. You can now retire."

As soon as Natalie had left, the Emperor rang his bell for Dr. Seckendorf, his favorite physician.

"Seckendorf," said the Czar, "go and see Mademoiselle Radetski. Find out if she has any organic disease. Return here and report; but say nothing of what you observe to any one else."

In a few hours Dr. Seckendorf was again admitted to the presence of the Czar.

"How is your patient?" inquired Nicholas.

"I fear very ill, your Majesty. She has aneurism of the heart."

"Is there any immediate danger?"

"There may not be, if she is not excited. But violent agitation or grief may prove fatal."

"What has caused the disease?"

"Her constitution has always been frail; but I thin——" here he hesitated.

"Say out what what you think," said the Czar, impatiently.

"Then, with your Majesty's permission, I think that the sentence of Count Potemkin was her death-blow."

The Czar paced his cabinet impatiently. "She will get over it, Seckendorf. A happy marriage will make her forget all that. There is nothing like happiness for a woman's health."

"I do not presume to contradict your Majesty; but I doubt whether Mademoiselle Radetski is able to bear either happiness or sorrow very long."

The Emperor dismissed his physician after enjoining him to visit his patient daily. In the meantime the preparations for the marriage went on. A costly *trousseau* was provided for the bride, and all the beauty and rank of the capital invited. The Emperor himself was to grace the ceremony with his presence.

But still Dr. Seckendorf visited his patient, and his face grew grave as he looked at her.

One morning he reached her mansion at a later hour than usual. Her attendants informed him that their mistress had not yet rung her bell, and they hesitated to disturb her. He went at once to her apartment. The attendants drew aside the curtains of the bed. With one hand supporting her head, which rested upon the pillow, lay the pale sleeper, less brilliantly beautiful than when, with proud step and careless grace, she trod the gorgeous *salons* of the capital—but far more lovely.

Death, the consoler, had stooped to kiss his victim, and had not disturbed the peaceful smile that rested on her lips. In her hand she held the ring which she had taken from her finger, and she had passed away while reading its inscription.

Gently Seckendorf replaced it upon the marble finger, from which it was never more to be taken.

"Truly," he murmured, "for her, death is the consoler."

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## AMBITION

It must be generally admitted that there is a mental activity, a secret spring within the soul, which urges on all men to soar. This is one of the causes (we will not say which suggested to the man the idea of the soul's immortality, because that is an atheistical doctrine,) but which is a strong proof of the soul's immortality. All human minds must forever heave at something great and endending. The love of distinction is common to everyone. Not kings, and potentates, and educated men alone, have their ambitions; every villager, also, has his. This leads us to consider the aims of distinction, when they are glorious or inglorious. When they are glorious, the distinction gained is fame; when inglorious, notoriety. Fame, strictly speaking, is acquired in actions where the body is, seldom or never, tutor to the mind. All is pure intellectual exertion. There is something in it divine—something which calls for the very best powers of the highly-gifted men to attain it. The mere striving for it, even though the effort will be unsuccessful, shows a great and uncommon soul. Notoriety, on the other hand, is open to the attainment of all human beings—even savages and children, and people mere brutes in understanding. Its acquisition depends more upon circumstances than anything else.

Many men, who go through the world in a most ordinary manner (as far as the exertion of the mind is concerned), possess this kind of reputation in a remarkable degree. Indeed, the most notorious men often have their intellects obscured by clouds of ignorance—by mists of error. What wretchedness! what barbarity! There is nothing about them or concerning them, or that they do, that tends at all to the enlargement of the human minds. There may be something which amuses, but even that amusement is unattended with advantage. What benefit can the world derive from contemplating a savage or a fat boy, a dwarf or a giant? or do the feats of a prize-fighter contribute to the refinement of human nature?

How different are the characters of ambition which the different desires of distinction produce! We picture to ourselves an ambitious mind working its way to the dignified fields of fame, engaged in the exercise of the judgment and the imagination in the discovery of all the possible excellence of the human mind, surrounded by books, and living in solitude. We see the claimant for notoriety, moving extensively in the circles of society, indifferent to great actions of exalted accomplishments. Probably he seeks for personal merit; or aspires in youth and manhood to be known in fashionable circles for the advantages of rank or riches. Or perhaps he may have his mind filled with the notion of distinguishing himself in the great folly of wearing a peculiar kind of coat or hat, or of introducing a new style of cravat.

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## LOVELINESS.

What constitutes true loveliness? Not the polished brow, the gaudy dress, nor the show and parade of fashionable life. A woman may have all the outward marks of beauty, and yet not possess a lovely character. It is the benevolent disposition, the kind acts, and the Christian deportments. It is in the heart, where meekness, truth, affection, humility, are found, where we look for loveliness; nor do we look in vain. The woman who can sooth the aching heart, smooth the wrinkled brow, alleviate the anguish of the mind, and pour the balm of consolation in the wounded breast, possesses, in an eminent degree, true loveliness of character.

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It is shameful for a man to rest in ignorance of the structure of his own body, especially when the knowledge of it mainly conduces to his welfare, and directs his application of his own powers.

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False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

## HERE AND THERE.

Away down in the corner of many a woman's heart lurks this sentiment: "No bonnet, no church."

A Troy woman says if death loves a shining mark, it is singular that he has not aimed at her husband's nose before this.

A Wisconsin editor having written of a deceased gentleman that "sickness had impaired his health," a rival rejoined, "Yes, it often has that effect."

If there is one thing a small boy cannot comprehend, it is how to play a trick on a cross-eyed man without being discovered, drawn, and quartered.

The most bitter piece of satire on a man generally affects him least. It is written and composed after his death, and is commonly known as "an obituary notice."—*San Francisco Post.*

The man who owns seven dogs, and can't afford to buy shoes for his children, is about this time making inquiries whether the relief societies are going to begin soon to dispense charities. He sees starvation ahead.

A gushing but ungrammatical editor says: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend ——, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly an inch in diameter.

A curious typographical error appeared in a morning paper recently. In giving an account of an inquest, it was stated "the deceased bore an *accidental* character, and the jury returned a verdict of *excellent* death.

"Parson tells me, sir," said a British farmer once, speaking of that extraordinary race of people, the gypsies, "that their origin is lost in the mists of iniquity; and I'm bound to say I believe him, for greater rogues don't live."

"So," said a lady recently to an Aberdeen merchant, "your pretty daughter has married a rich husband." "Well," slowly replied the father, "I believe she has married a rich man, but I understand he is a very poor husband."

"Is it not time that you paid me that $5?" said a farmer to his neighbor. "'Taint due," was the reply. "But," said the farmer, "you promised to pay me when you got back from New York." "Well, I hain't been," was the reply.

A hundred years ago when you called on a girl one kissed you good bye. Now if you suggest anything of the sort her father calls you into the library and asks you what you are worth. Are we a nation? And is this progress?

They were talking of a death, when one asked: "What were his last words?" "He didn't say anything," was the reply. "That's just like him," said the first man, with an approving nod. "There was no gas about him. He was all business."

There is a new Rochefoucauld who says, "Women love but once; endeavor to be the man of every other occasion but that." He has left his card at the club of the Woman's Rights Society, and they want to have a quiet talk with him quite alone.

"Do you not think, my dear," said a doting mother to her husband, "that our Adolphus has a great talent for saying things which nobody else says?" "Yes, and also for saying things which nobody ever ought to say," was the unfeeling response.

When Pope, the great poet and satirist, was dying, a friend, coming in just after the physician (who had spoken encouragingly of his case) had gone, inquired how he did. "I am dying, sir, of a hundred good symptoms," was the characteristic reply.

A bright little three-year old girl in Hartford, having become a little mixed between her religious instruction and her nursery rhymes, gravely recites: "The Lord is my shepherd, and he has lost his sheep, and he don't know where to find them."

A country editor gives the following case of absence of mind: "A girl who was one of our first loves, was one night lighting us out after having passed a delightful evening. In baseful trepidation she blew us out, and drew the candle behind the door and kissed it."

Said one fellow to another: "If I was as flat-footed as you are, I would not be afraid of slipping on the sidewalk." "Yes!" was the response; some people are flat on one end, and some on another." And then the first chap looked thoughtful, and went on down the street.

New Orleans *Bulletin*: "There is no more touching spectacle," said Potter, "than to see a full-grown adult struggling with a wet towel in a bath-room, vainly endeavoring to dry that one spot in the middle of his back, that is and has always been beyond the reach of even the most agile."

Cook, (to fellow servant who has been after a new place)—"Well, 'Liza will it suit?" Eliza—"Not if I knows it! Why, when I got there, blest if there wasn't the two young ladies of the 'ouse both a-usin' of one piano at the same time! Well, thinks I, this 'ere a comin' down in the world! So I thought I had best say good mornin'!"

It takes six hundred and fifty-four bites to satisfy a flea, according to the investigations of the celebrated entomologist, Herr Scheckeiheimer; so that when you can count six hundred and fifty-four feeding spots on your body you can know that that flea is satisfied, and has gone to take a nap. In reality, a mosquito is much cheaper boarding.

Nothing makes a young man so happy as to get around to the Post Office after it is closed, and see a letter in his box; to have his heart whisper that it is from her, to dream sweet tender fancies, hallowed with love's sacredness, all night, and to come down in the morning and find it a bill of $7.50 for his last year's underclothes.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

Lady customer: "Have you a nice book, all covered with red leather with gold letters on the back?" Storekeeper: "Yes, madam; we have De Quincy's work, three volumes in Russia, or General Sherman's memoirs two volumes, in calf." Lady customer: "I don't want anything about Russia. Give me a book about the dear little calves; besides, it was made by a general."

"My friends," said a returned missionary, at an anniversary meeting, "let us avoid sectarian bitterness. The inhabitants of Hindostan, where I have been laboring for many years, have a proverb that, though you bathe a dog's tail in oil and bind it in splints, yet you cannot get the crook out of it. Now a man's sectarian bias is simply the crook in the dog's tail, which cannot be eradicated; and I hold that every one should be allowed to wag his own peculiarity in peace."

Rough on Longfellow.—Among the recent visitors of the poet Longfellow was an Englishman, who, like Sir Charles Coldstream, had travelled everywhere, seen everything and done everything, and yet was terribly ennuied.

"Haw! yes, Mr. Longfellow, thought I ought to see the great American poet, 'n sent in ma card."

The poet asked his visitor to be seated, when he resumed:

"Yes, see Mr. Longfellow; I've been a great traveller, sir; been all over the Continent; been to Iceland, Sweden, Norway."

"Indeed! You must have found much to interest you?"

"Well, something; but it's getting to be an awful bawr. I've just come from Egypt; old country—antiquities, you know."

"Yes," replied the poet, "many interesting remains of past ages."

"Ah, yes—just so, exactly; heaps of old ruins. I like ruins. Now, everything's new here in America, you know—can't find any old ruins—so thought I'd come an' see you."—*Com. Bulletin.*

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MEN wanted to travel and sell our Old and Staple MANUFACTURES to Dealers. NO PEDDLING. $75 PER MONTH, Hotel and Traveling Expenses paid. Apply by letter or in person to S. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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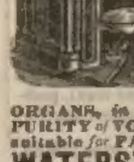

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READERS Writing to advertisers who advertise in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST please say where you saw the advertisement.

## THE FASHIONS.

A new style of pardessus is being worn now, made of a kind of basket cloth, in which two shades of a color, or two colors are blended. It is principally for travelling or morning wear, and is made with Dolman sleeves, not very long, but of ample fullness, and square at the ends. A small square hood is worn, coming down in a point in front. The front is not the plain loose sacque, but has gored pieces like the front of a Gabrielle wrapper. The back is laid in plaits, three on a side, turning to the centre, and stitched down at the waist, held there by a band. Deep pockets are placed on each side. The peculiarity in them being that one is laid in longitudinal plaits, and the other in horizontal plaits. Bows of ribbon are placed at the top and bottom of these pockets. A triple row of medium sized crochet buttons closes the front. This pardessus is called the Beatrice. Patterns from office will be furnished at seventy cents, and two stamps to pay the postage.

A curious but stylish hat to accompany this garment, when used as a travelling wrap, is shown, of dark slate colored or black felt, with a wide rim, one side being turned up quite high. A row of braid of the colors used in the pardessus is stitched around the edge of the rim. Two plumes, one of each tint used in the braid, are tastefully disposed about the crown, one falling over and the other back. Many who like to have everything to accord in a toilette have the travelling bag of colors blended to match the braid. Slate gray, combined with black or white, are the most popular tints.

A very pretty tint for the promenade is composed of myrtle green, damasse, cashmere and plain, undigured cashmere of a tint lighter. The under skirt is of the plain cashmere, made with box or rose-pleated flounces, two of cashmere plain, one of *damasse* cashmere, placed in between the two plain ones. The overdress is a polonaise, of the *damasse*, and sleeveless, very long in the back widths, and finished at the bottom with three cords of plain cashmere. A deep pointed pocket is placed low down on the right side, and has a bow of ribbon with no cut ends, but only loops placed in the centre of it. The sleeves are plain cashmere, and are plain from wrist to elbow, but from that point to the shoulder are laid in longitudinal pleats, held down by bands stitched around. The bows of ribbon are placed on the outer seam, one just below the shoulder one at the wrist, and the other half-way between the two. The back of the polonaise is trimmed with three rows of small buttons, but in reality is closed by larger buttons in front. A pleated collar finishes the neck.

Muffs of silk and cloth are again very fashionable, some being trimmed, others being perfectly plain.

Turban hats of fur, astrachan, seal and chinchilla are shown with borders of the breast feathers of the peacock, or else the "eye feathers" as the handsome tail-feathers are termed.

Seal-skin hats are worn much higher in the crown than formerly. In fact some have the most oddly-shaped pointed crowns, almost a Tyrolean shape.

Small brown cock's feather plumes are now worn in them, being preferred to ostrich tips.

Seal-skin sacques trimmed with otter and minever fur bands are shown.

There is a tendency to revive the once popular Astrachan sacques.

The black trimmed with bands of white Astrachan are pretty, and are particularly appropriate for light mourning.

A pretty imitation of the long gros-grain cloaks lined with fur, is to make them of cashmere, and line with gray woolen plush, which is brought out in mixed gray, and has long fleecy filling that greatly resembles the "squirrel lock" fur. At the lower edge and up the two front edges, a narrow border of the real fur is put, extending down two inches below the garment. There is no over-estimating the comfort of these garments, and the protection they afford in winter, especially if one goes out much in the evening to parties and wears low-necked dresses.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Chatelaine bags of seal and other soft furs, are in vogue, mounted with silver, and attached to the belt by long silver chains.

Seal skin caps are higher in the crowns than formerly. They have borders of brown cock's feathers, very open.

For trimming silk and cashmere sacques, black cock's feather ruches are much used.

The newest in gloves, is pearl-color, stitched in dark green and garnet, and dark plum-color stitched in blue.

Handkerchiefs for the neck are shown in brown silk, edged with cardinal, and *vice versa*. Also blue and cardinal mixed; these last are considered stylish.

Muffs of peacock and other feathers are shown, but are very liable to be crushed and rumpled.

Black bangles everywhere until one is tired of seeing them.

Ties of cashmere lace, and Duchesse lace are much worn.

Dark velvet and felt hats are preferred to the lighter tints.

Bangles for the wrist are still worn. Those in silver are preferred to the jet and rubber ones.

The coralline necklaces are so pretty, it is a pity they have become so common.

Marcellaine silk ties in a sort of basket pattern are shown, black with pale blue or pink silk edges, stitched on by machine.

Black dotted veils have narrow hems, woven in plain not dotted.

Cardinal is beginning to wane; dark blue and brown sharing popular favor.

As many short cloaks are worn as long ones, all shapes and sizes are admissable.

Enamel pins are fashionably worn by gentlemen in their wide scarfs.

Nets are growing in favor, they are so becoming.

Shawls are to be worn a great deal this winter, especially handsome India or Paisley kinds.

Fur-tipped boots are in vogue already.

Handkerchiefs of fine lawn, edged with Duchesse lace, are worn about the neck, pinned behind, much after the style adopted for infants and little children.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Colladay for information received.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

LEILA, (Mobile, Ala.)—The lead comb, it is said, will darken your hair, if objectionably auburn; but we cannot positively affirm the fact from personal knowledge. We so much admire the bright tints of auburn, hair that we wonder at any one objecting to have it, or wishing to change it. We can get such a comb as you wish and send per mail, postpaid, for $1 60. They are quite scarce and difficult to find.

MRS. LUCAS REX, (Texas).—The cameo-plaid waterproof cloaks are very pretty but not nearly so stylish as navy blue, and decidedly not as useful as any plain color or black. Ten to fifteen dollars will procure a very nice cloak for you, fashionably made. Yes; we can send it by mail to you.

ANNIE T.—Cut your little girl's sacque, moderately long, and half-tight fitting. Make with or without a cape. If for school wear you will do well to line with flannel.

"A SUFFERER."—The red medicated flannel, known as Cartwrights, is said to be a very excellent string for rheumatic people to wear.

L. M. H.—Wear your hair in chatelaine braids looped in the back.

MRS. K. T.—Sailor suits are still worn by little boys and also little girls. Felt hats of that shape are popular.

NIXON.

## PUT DOWN THE BRAKES.

No matter how well the track is laid,
No matter how strong the engine is made,
When you find it running on the downward grade,
Put down the brakes!

If the demon of drink has entered the soul,
And his power is beyond your control,
And is dragging you on to a terrible goal,
Put down the brakes!

Remember the adage, "Don't trifle with fire,"
Temptation, you know, is always a liar;
If you want to crush out the burning desire,
Put down the brakes!

Are you running in debt by living too fast?
Do you look back with shame on a prodigal past?
Put down the brakes!

Whether the knowledge, for honor, or gain,
You're in it wearing out your body and brain,
Till nature no longer can bear the strain,
Put down the brakes!

The human is weak since old Adam's fall,
Beware how you yield to appetite's call,
"Be temperate in all things," was practised by Paul;
Put down the brakes!

Ah! a terrible thing is human life!
Its track with many a danger is rife;
Do you seek for the victor's crown in the strife?
Put down the brakes!

## THE DONATION PARTY AT WILLOWBROOK.

So many confused and contradictory rumors have been circulated about that last donation party that I (who have heard the whole story from my friend and neighbor Miss Mix) would like to give the world a plain, unvarnished account of the whole festivity.

Let me, then, introduce my informant, Miss Melissa Mix, spinster, owning to forty, moderately well endowed with this world's goods, housekeeper and care-taker for her only brother Ralph, some years her senior, both of them prominent members of the Willowbrook church—and thus heralded, she shall tell you the story she told me.

"Of course we can't give our minister much of a salary, you know, Miss Harwood; but we've always calkilated to get a man whose heart wasn't set on filthy lucre, as the 'Postle says.

"I must own we hain't had much success, for, would you believe it? out of five candidates that preached here the year we built the church, not one was willin' to stay and do the Lord's work.

"Why there's only about sixty families in our church, and it was settled that first winter that six dollars a family would be a fair tax, makin' nigh onto four hundred a year, you see; yet it's wonderful what trouble we've had to git a pastor.

Brother Ralph thought that mebbe if we had a parsonage it would help us; so he and the other trustees bought that nice little cottage where Miss Gray used to live, with a whole rod of land belongin' to it; but, law! 'twa'nt of no use; none of 'em staid the year out; and I was clean discouraged.

"When Mr. Ormsby came, nigh on three year ago, he seemed more reasonable than the rest, though he asked if we couldn't furnish part of the parsonage for him, as they was only new beginners, and hadn't much housekeepin' stuff.

"Well, the ladies was so well pleased with him that they took right hold of the work (he was to come back in a fortnight) and got lots of things together.

"There was a handsome pincushion made for each of the bedrooms—there's three on 'em in the house—and half a dozen tidies for the parlor, and a case for his shavin' paper, and all sent in the first week.

"You've heerd him preach, Miss Harwood, and you know how interestin' he was, and what a beautiful reader and singer too. Why, I declare I took real comfort goin' to church and sittin' under such preachin'; and so we all did, I'm sure.

"But I was tellin' you about what we gave him. Well, Deacon Stiles's daughter Sally made a drawin' of the church, and framed it in pine cones, to hang in Mr. Ormsby's study, and the deacon he sent us a cookin' stove out of his own kitchen. He'd just bought a new one for Miss Stiles, and he come over and put it up himself, which I thought was uncommon kind.

"Then we took up a contribution to buy some furniture, but ready money was skurse just then, so we only raised enough to git a pair of chiny vases and an inkstand.

"But Silas Hart, that sold 'em to us, was one of our members, so he threw in a chiny dog for the baby and a match-box for the parson's wife.

"Miss Jones and Uncle Midian sent in a new painted bedstead and a kitchen table, and so I told Ralph I'd give 'em a couple of kitchen chairs and our cradle, the one we was both rocked in. So I did, and I pieced a real handsome little quilt for the cradle, a sunflower pattern, all out of spick and span new calico too.

"Well, it's 'most too bad to tell, but Mandy Jones, who went to help Miss Ormsby git to rights, told me that she did act dreadful, and not a bit becomin' a minister's wife.

"She went all round the house lookin' as if she was ready to cry, and at last she sot down in the parlor on her trunk, and began to laugh at the vases and the inkstand, and then wound up by findin' fault with the stove, which she said looked as if it came out of the ark.

"I've always thought she made her husband discontented, for Mr. Ormsby was such a meek, quiet, unselfish man that he never would have made any trouble if she hadn't been always complainin' and puttin' him up to grumble.

"But I'm wanderin' off from my story—I started to tell you about the donation party. You see, the first year we got along splendid with it, and I must say I never saw a better tea table spread than we set that night for Miss Ormsby.

"But that woman never *could* be satisfied, and she said afterward that it wouldn't take more than two such parties to ruin any family!

"It seems she found fault because we all staid to tea with 'em, jest as if we hadn't a right to our tea after sendin' in all the victuals for it.

"But I don't know as Aunt Betsy did do exac'ly right, for she took Miss Ormsby's preserves to put on the table, and they was all eat that night, and I s'pose that put her out some.

"Well, as I was sayin', the second year come round, and it was read out in meetin' that the donation party would be given the next Friday.

"Mr. Ormsby read the notice, and then he looked all round and cleared his throat two or three times, as if he had somethin' pertickler to say, but after waitin' a minute he changed his mind and sat down.

"I thought he acted kinder queer, but I was quite taken up with noticin' Miss Ormsby. She got as red as could be, and when meetin' was dismissed she jest hurried out as if she didn't want any one to speak to her.

"Well, Friday came, and by three o'clock we was mostly all at the parsonage. Mr. Ormsby looked dreadful sober, more as if it was a funeral than a merry-making', I must say; but his wife was awful. She was jest as huffy and short as she could be with every one, and she went and locked the study door and put the key in her pocket right before us all, as if she was afraid we'd touch some of Mr. Ormsby's papers or books.

"Bimeby we began to think about settin' the table; so Aunt Betsy, Mandy Jones, and me went out in the kitchen to unpack the contributions. There was some pertaters and turnips (them we put in the suller), a piece of corned beef, two or three biled hams, a pot of butter, some apple sass, a big cheese, and such a lot of biscuits it would have taken all night to count 'em.

"I began to be scart when we took out pauful after pauful of biscuit, and no cake to speak of. At last we come to Miss Jones's basket, and there we found 'lection cake, as well as a great batch of molasses cookies.

"I was glad enough I'd sent pound cake and crullers; but somehow when the table was ready, there was more biscuits on it than anything else, though we did the best we could.

"Mr. Johnson sent tea and coffee from his store, besides sugar and crackers; and Amos Hull he brought a bag of nuts and some apples for the young folks after supper, he said.

"There was so many there that we had to divide 'em into three lots, the dinin'-room belu' small; and it was 'most seven o'clock when they got through eatin'.

"Aunt Betsy staid with me to clear up some; and I thought I never never should get all the biscuits put away, for they 'most filled the pantry.

"For all there had been so many eaten, yet there was piles and piles left, and, as Aunt Betsy said, they wouldn't need to bake for a month to come.

"It happened so that I didn't go out much the week after the donation party, but, the second Sunday after, I started off good and early for church, and as I turned the corner by the parsonage, I saw something that 'most took my breath away. Every one of them sharp-pointed pickets round the house and garden had a good biscuit stuck right atop of it! Yes, Miss Harwood, jest as sure as you live, there was Aunt Betsy's nice raised biscuit—I could tell hern by the shape—and Miss Hull's rusks, and Miss Stiles's soda biscuit, and every one of 'em wasted in that shameful way.

"Well, I stood and looked—I hadn't the strength to move—and pretty soon some of the ladies came along and joined me; and there we all stood till the last bell began to to ring, talkin' the matter over, and feelin' pretty mad, I can tell you.

"Mr. Ormsby had a good sermon that day, but I could hardly hear a word, my mind was so full of the biscuits.

"Miss Ormsby warn't there, and as soon as the last hymn was sung, he got up and said that he had had a call from a church in the far West, and that he had made up his mind that it was his duty to accept it. He went on to say that he would have to go that same week, and then, without so much as tellin' us that he was sorry to leave us, or offerin' to wait until we could get some one else, he gave the benediction and dismissed us.

"I can tell you there was talk enough when we got out that mornin', and some of the folks thought we ought to 'p'int a committee to ask Miss Ormsby about it, but brother Ralph said, 'No; if they was goin', let 'em go peaceable;' so they all agreed to say nothin' at all.

"We heard afterward from little Johnny Hall, who was playin near the parsonage late on Saturday afternoon, that Mr. Ormsby be brought the biscuits out in a big basket, and then Miss Ormsby she helped him to stick them on the pickets, and she laughed all the time as if it was a good joke.

"I don't want to judge anybody, but I never did think that woman was fit for a minister's wife, and I don't think so now.

"Well, they moved off, bag and baggage, on Wednesday of that week, and we've never heard from Mr. Ormsby since, and I don't know as we want *to*, seein' be hurt our feelin's so, though we've never found as good a preacher as he was, and never will."

And this was Miss Melissa's story.—*Harper's Monthly.*

## NAMES AND MOTTOES OF THE STATES.

Maine was named from a province in France, and is sometimes called the "Pine-Tree State." Her Latin motto, *Dirigo*, means "I Direct."

New Hampshire was named after Hampshire in England, and is called the "Granite State."

Vermont, the "Green Mountain State," derives its name from two French words, *Verd Mont*, meaning Green Mountain. Her motto is "Freedom and Unity."

Massachusetts bears the Indian name of the bay on her coast, and is called the "Bay State." Her Latin motto, *Ense petit placidam sub libertate*, means "With the sword she seeks placid rest under liberty."

Rhode Island, "Little Rhody," was named from a fancied resemblance to the Island of Rhodes, and has "Hope" for her motto.

Connecticut was named from her principal river, which, in the Indian tongue, means "the long river." Her familiar name is the "Nutmeg State." Her Latin motto, *Qui transtulit, sustinet*, means "He who transplanted, still sustains."

New York, the "Empire State," was named in honor of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., of England. Her Latin motto *Excelsior*, means "Higher."

New Jersey was named in honor of Sir George Cartaret, of the Isle of Jersey.

Pennsylvania, literally "Penn's woods," was named in honor of William Penn. Her familiar name is the "Keystone State," and her motto "Virtue, Liberty and Independence."

Delaware, the "Blue Hen," was named in honor of Thomas West, Lord *De la Ware*, who visited the bay in 1610 and died on his vessel at its mouth. Her motto is "Liberty and Independence."

Maryland was named after Henrietta *Maria*, wife of Charles I., of England. Her Latin motto, *Crescite et multiplicamini*, means "Increase and multiply."

Virginia, the "Old Dominion," was named in honor of the "Virgin Queen," Elizabeth, of England, during whose reign Sir Walter Raleigh made the first attempt to colonize this region. Her Latin motto, *Sic semper tyrannis*, means "Ever so to tyrants."

North Carolina was named in honor of Charles IX., of France, and is often named the "Old North," or "Turpentine State."

South Carolina is known as the "Palmetto State," and derived its name like North Carolina.

Georgia was named in honor of George II., King of England.

Florida was named by Ponce de Leon, from the day on which he discovered it, Easter Sunday, called in Spanish *Pascua Florida*.

Alabama was named from her principal river, which, in the Indian tongue, means "Here we rest."

Mississippi was named after the river of that name, which the Indians call the "Father of Waters."

Louisiana, the "Creole State," was named in honor of Louis XIV., of France. Her motto is "Justice."

Texas retains its Mexican name, and is known as the "Lone Star State."

Kentucky, the "Blue Grass State," bears the Indian name of her principal river. Her motto is, "United we stand divided we fall."

Tennessee also bears the Indian name of her principal river and is known as the "Big Bend State."

Ohio, the "Buckeye State," was named after the river of that name, which, in the Indian tongue, means "beautiful." Her Latin motto, *Imperium in imperio*, means "An Empire in an Empire;" or, "A government within a government."

Illinois was named from her principal river, and is called the "Sucker" or "Prairie State."

Indiana, from the word Indian, is called the "Hoosier State."

Iowa is the French form of Indian word, and means "the sleepy ones." She is called the "Hawkeye State," and has for her motto, "Our liberties we prize, and our rights we will maintain."

Michigan, the "Wolverine State," bears the Indian name of the great lake on her border. Her Latin motto, *Suebor*, means "I will defend."

Wisconsin, the "Badger State" was named from her principal river, and her motto is "Forward."

Minnesota is an Indian name, and means "Whitish Water." Her French motto, *L'etoile du Nord*, means "The Star of the North."

Arkansas, the "Bear State," was named after her principal river, and her Latin motto, *Regnant populi*, means "The people rule."

Missouri bears the name of her principal river, which, in the Indian tongue, means "Muddy Water." Her Latin motto, *Salus populi suprema lex esto*, means "The welfare of the people is the supreme law."

Kansas is an Indian name and means "Smoky Water." Her Latin motto, *Ad astra per aspera* means "To the stars through difficulties."

Nebraska, which means "Shallow Water," was named after her principal river. Her motto is "Equality before the Law."

Nevada was named after the range of mountains in the State. Her Latin motto, *Volens et potens*, means "Willing and able."

Oregon derives its name from the Spanish word *oregano*, wild margoram, which grows abundantly on the Pacific coast.

West Virginia was named after the old State, and her Latin motto, *Montani semper liberi*, means "Mountaineers are always freemen."

California, the "Greek State," retains the Spanish name given by Cortes in the year 1535, to the peninsula now called Lower California, of which he was the discoverer. Her Greek motto, *Eureka*, means, "I have found it."

## A CHINESE PARABLE.

Fohi, in course of his wanderings, coming to a village, knocked at the door of a rich woman and begged permission to enter. "What!" said she, "do you think I receive into my house every roving vagabond? No, indeed; it would be unbefitting a respectable woman! Go thy way!"

Then he went to the cottage of a poor woman, who at once kindly begged him to enter. She set before him the only food she had, a little goat's milk, broke a piece of bread into it, and said, "My Fohi, bless it, that ye may both have enough."

She then prepared for him a couch of straw, and when he fell asleep, perceiving that he had no shirt, she sat up all night and made him one of some linen she had made by her own hard labor. In the morning she brought it to him, begging he would not despise her poor gift. After breakfast she accompanied him a little way, and at parting Fohi said, "May the first work you undertake last until evening."

When she got home she began to measure her linen, to see how much was left; and she went on measuring, and did not come to the end of it until the evening, when her house and yard were full of linen; in short, she did not know what to do with her wealth. Her rich neighbor, seeing this, was sorely vexed, and resolved that such good fortune should not escape her again.

After some months the traveler came once more to the village; she went to meet him, pressed him to go to her house, treated him with the best food she had, and in the morning brought him a shirt of fine linen, which she had made some time before; but all night she kept a candle burning in her room, that the stranger, if he awoke, might suppose that she was making his shirt. After breakfast she accompanied him out of the village, and when they parted, he said: "May the first work you undertake last till evening."

She went her way home, thinking the whole time of her linen, and anticipating its wonderful increase; but just then her cows began to low. "Before I measure my linen," she said, "I will quickly fetch the cows some water."

But when she poured the water in the trough per pail never emptied, she went on pouring, the stream increased, and soon her house and yard were all under water. The neighbors complained that everything was ruined; the cattle were drowned, and with difficulty she saved her own life, for the water never ceased flowing until the setting of the sun.

## WHOM WILL SHE GET?

Times are changed. In the days of our grandfathers, young men paid incessant court to "the fair," and their smiles were considered a matter of high competition. But when a young lady of the present day enters into life, the opinion expressed is not whom will she take, but whom will she get? It is now understood to be the business of gentle fair ones to look out for beaux, and by every decent art to make them their own. For this, they are supposed to dress, to acquire accomplishments, and even, save the mark, to go to church. The competition is not now among men for the favor of women, but among women for the favor of men. When a young lady is about to be married to a young man of good income or prospects, her good fortune in securing such a match is loudly spoken of, and she is evidently understood to be the envy of her sex. She becomes for a time a kind of herione. Now, all this is, we think, much to be lamented. To regard women in such points of view, is degrading both to the object and to the spectator. The natural position of woman with respect to man, as the softener, the cheerer, the refiner of his existence—and her own natural constitution, as weak in frame, but powerful in moral influence—make it appear proper that man should approach her with sentiments of deference and respect. We would even say that that worshipful feeling which inspired knights of old was not quite misplaced; for is there not something worthy of a high and devout admiration in a being upon whom the Deity has lavished such grace and witchery, all for the purpose of gratifying, and at the same time elevating, man? This feeling, or something approaching to it, is, we should say, the feeling which nature designs civilized men to entertain respecting the gentler sex.

## MACHIAVELLI.

BY WILMER H. JOHNSON.

No name in literary history seems to be so generally odious as that of Machiavelli. The terms in which he is commonly described would seem to impart that he was the Tempter, the Evil Principle, the discoverer of ambition and revenge, the original inventor of perjury; that before the publication of his fatal "Prince," there had never been a hypocrite, a tyrant or a traitor, a simulated virtue, or a convenient crime. Several authors have strongly hinted that the famous Gunpowder Plot is to be primarily attributed to his doctrines, and seem to think that his effigy ought to be substituted for that of Guy Fawkes. The church of Rome has pronounced his works accursed things. Nor have our own countrymen been backward in testyfying their opinion of his traits. Out of his sur-name they have coined an epithet for a knave, and out of his Christian name a synonyme for the Devil. It is, indeed, scarcely possible for any person, not well acquainted with the history and literature of Italy, to read without horror and amazement the celebrated treatise which has brought so much obliquy on the name of Machiavelli. Such a display of wickedness, naked, yet not ashamed—such cool, judicious, scientific atrocity—seem rather to belong to a fiend than to the most depraved of men. Principles which the most hardened ruffian would scarcely hint to his most trusted accomplice, or avow without the disguise of some palliating sophism, even to his own mind, are professed without the slightest circumlocution, and assumed as the fundamental axioms of all political science. In the same year in which he composed his manual of "Kingcraft," he suffered imprisonment and torture in the cause of public liberty. Throughout his life, he was a zealous Republican, and it seems inconceivable that the martyr of freedom should have designedly acted as the apostle of tyranny.

In all the writings which Machiavelli gave to the public, and in all those which the research of newspaper writers has, in the course of three centuries, discovered—in his "Comedies," designed for the entertainment of the multitude; in his "Comments on Livy," intended for the perusal of the most enthusiastic patriots of Florence; in his "History," inscribed to one of the most amiable and estimable of the Popes; in his "Public Despatches;" in his private "Memoranda"—the same obliquity of moral principle for which the "Prince" is so severely censured is more or less discernible. We doubt whether it would be possible to find, in all the many volumes of his compositions, a single expression indicating that dissimulation and treachery had ever struck him as discreditable. The whole man seems to be an enigma—a grotesque assemblage of incongruous qualities—selfishness and generosity, cruelty and benevolence, craft and simplicity, abject villiany and romantic heroism. Yet there is no reason whatever to think that those among whom he lived saw anything shocking or incongruous in his writings. The cry against his works was first raised beyond the Alps, and seems to have been heard with amazement in Italy. The earliest assailent, as far as is known, was Cardinal Pole. The author of the anti-Machiavelli was a French Protestant.

The public services of Machiavelli were requitted with poverty, imprisonment and torture. His last great work was the history of his native city. It was written by the command of the Pope, who was at that time sovereign of Florence. Machiavelli lived long enough to see the commencement of the last struggle for Florentine liberty. Soon after his death, monarchy was finally established. His character was hateful to the new masters of Italy, and his works were abused with all the rancor of simulated virtue by the minions of a base despotism and the priests of a baser superstition. For more than two hundred years his bones lay undistinguished. At length an English nobleman paid the last honors to the greatest statesman of Florence. In the Church of Santa Croce a monument was erected to his memory, which is contemplated with reverence by all who can distinguish the virtues of a great mind through the corruptions of a degenerate age; and which will be approached with still deeper homage when the object to which his public life was devoted shall be attained, when the foreign yoke shall be broken, when a second Procita shall avenge the wrongs of Naples, when a happier Rienzi shall restore the good estate of Rome, when the streets of Florence and Bologna shall again resound with their ancient war cry—*Popolo, popolo; muoiano i tiranni!*

## SCIENTIFIC.

THE large chrome steel cable, called the "cradle cable," which is 7⅛ inches in diameter, has been stretched across the East river, between the piers, making the sixth rope in the air. The cable is the first of a set of four, on which the five-foot bridges or cradles will rest, from which the workmen will construct the great cables. The cradle cable weighs over 17 tons, and is 3,700 feet long.

A DUBLIN chemist, who has been investigating the subject, claims to have discovered that salt is not the cause of scurvy, as has so long been the received opinion. He considers the true cause to be the absence of potash, which substance is washed out of the meat by the application of brine, and proposes as a preventive to add to the food of seamen and others using salt meat, phosphate of potash, to be used like common salt.

QUITE a saving is now made by a method, recently introduced, of removing the soap suds from the washing of wool in woollen factories—this liquid being usually allowed to run down the sewers and into streams, to the great pollution of the latter. The improved plan consists in having the suds run from the washing bowls into vats, and there treated with sulphuric acid. The fats rise to the surface in a thick mass of grease, which is carefully collected and treated in various ways, mostly by distillation. The products derived by this means are grease, used for lubricating the cogs of driving-wheels in the mills; oleic acid, which is employed as a substitute for olive oil, and stearine.

The combustion of iron in air is a chemical phenomenon now made comparatively easy to the experimenter. The most practicable method is to take a straight bar magnet of some power, and sprinkle iron filings on one of its poles. These filings arrange themselves in accordance with the lines of magnetic force, and, however closely they may appear to be placed, of course no two of the metallic filaments are parallel, and consequently a certain portion of air is enclosed as in a metallic sponge. The flame of any ordinary spirit lamp or gas burner readily ignites the finely-divided iron, and it continues to burn most brilliantly for a considerable length of time, the combustion being apparently as natural and easy as that of any ordinary substance, and the light normal, though vivid.

THE London *Engineer* of a recent date publishes a list of 196 disasters to sea-going vessels from fire in coal-bunkers, or in cargoes of bituminous coal, which occurred between the months of October, 1869, and December, 1875. All of these vessels were damaged and many were destroyed; and the same journal appends to the above statement a record from Lloyd's of 68 sailing vessels and 4 steamers loaded with coal that were missing between July 1, 1873, and February 1, 1876. The burning of ships laden with cargoes of coal through the spontaneous combustion of their cargoes is a fact of such frequent occurrence as to have called for the appointment some time ago, by the British Government, of a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter and suggest remedial matters as the circumstances warranted. It has been affirmed that not less than 4 per cent. of all the coal-laden vessels that have left English ports during the last five years, for destinations south of the equator, have suffered either total or partial loss by the spontaneous ignition of their cargoes.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

G. WILSON.—Cement for electrical apparatus may be made of five parts resin, one of beeswax, one of red ochre, and two tablespoonfuls of plaster of Paris. Melt the first two and stir in the remaining ingredients.

GRATIA.—You can order a key to Virgil through any bookseller. If none is near you drop a line to Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and they will give you all information as to price, etc.

BRUNIE.—Oil or pomade make the hair look darker only for a short time; by clogging the ducts of the skin and prevent the natural oil from supplying the natural dressing, the scalp will not remain in a healthful condition and the hair will grow thin.

STELLA.—Crimping the hair with hot irons will soon destroy its life and it will fade and rapidly thin out. If it must be made wavy or curly, use large hair pins made for the purpose, around which it can be woven at night and get the desired kink before morning.

MINGRY.—The duties of a nursery-governess is to teach the children the rudiments of education, to preside at their meals, to take them out for exercise, and to look after their clothes. We do not undertake to notice pieces of poetry which we feel compelled to decline.

D. D. R.—The meaning of the sentence, "He has no strength of character," is, that "he" is weak in purpose, vacillating in intention, changeful in determination, and generally aimless in life; that he easily succumbs to difficulties, and is, on the whole, a moral sneak.

EDWARD.—Singing in the ears is caused by some disorder irritating the nerve of the ear. It may be produced by accumulation of wax resulting from cold in the head, or neglect; by determination of blood to the head, disordered digestion, etc. If very troublesome consult a physician.

T. G.—Use your own words in making a proposal of marriage. Be frank and courageous and hope for the best. If too bashful to trust yourself to speak on the subject, communicate your wishes in writing—but the "word of mouth" way we think best, the immediate returns may be more enjoyable.

ALICE W.—It is a grave impropriety for a young lady to kiss her hand to a gentleman in public, even though close relationship may entitle him to such a mark of regard at a proper time. It exposes one to invidious remarks from strangers. Reputation for modesty as well as good character must be carefully guarded.

ADMIRER, (Brownsburg, Pa.).—"If I escort a young lady to a lecture where a collection is taken up, should I offer her the money to put in the plate?" If you conduct a young lady to a lecture, where a collection is made, you must not think of offering her the money to put in the plate. Indeed, if you yourself put some money in, it is not absolutely necessary that she should contribute at all.

DEBORAH.—1. We can give you no receipt by means of which you can prevent your hair from turning grey. You can dye the grey hair if you please, but you cannot hinder it from growing grey if it so inclined. 2. You can make a tooth-powder by mixing a little camphor with some prepared chalk. The quantities are two drachms of camphor to six ounces of prepared chalk. Moisten the camphor with a little whiskey, reduce it to a fine powder, and then mix it and the chalk well together.

JANET.—It is a vulgar error to suppose that the marriage ring is placed on the fourth finger of the left hand because there is a vein going from thence to the heart, for, in the ancient ritual of English marriages, the ring was placed by the husband on the top of the thumb of the left hand, with the words, "In the name of the Father;" he then removed it to the fore-finger, saying, "In the name of the Son;" then to the middle finger, adding, "And of the Holy Ghost;" finally he left it, as now, on the fourth finger, with the closing word, "Amen."

ELLEN.—In the tenth century there was a prevalent, nay, almost universal idea, that the end of the world was approaching. Many charters began with the words, "As the world is now drawing to its close." An army marching under the Emperor Otho I. was so terrified by an eclipse of the sun, which it conceived to announce this consummation, as to disperse hastily on all sides. As this notion seems to have been founded on some confused theory of the Millenium, it died away when the seasons proceeded to the eleventh century with their usual regularity.

THOMAS SMITH.—Dreams may occasionally be intended to warn of coming events. In such cases there is usually a very strong impression left of their significance. Such cases are not very frequent, and are often unreliable when apparently marked by all the signs of being warnings. They originate in action of the brain during disturbed slumber, and may proceed from any cause which prevents complete rest of that organ in the hour of sleep, as fever, indigestion, nervous irritation, etc. A good rousing dream of terror may usually be had by indulging in a hearty late supper.

LOUIE.—Julius Cæser, in his youth, set the fashion of wearing earrings, which had before that time been confined to females and to slaves, who were chiefly distinguished in that manner from freemen. The custom once introduced continued to be general among young men of family until the time of Alexander Severus, who, adhering closely to a manly simplicity of dress, abolished this effeminite foppery. Earrings have at various periods been fashionable in France with gentlemen, even so late as the revolution, when the wearing of golden rings was prohibited.

EDWARDS.—The gas in soda water is carbonic acid gas, usually made by the action of sulphuric acid on chalk or carbonate of lime. It is poisonous when breathed, but harmless in the stomach. The parties who tried to frighten you by saying it was made of oil of vitrol, (sulphuric acid) and therefore deadly, showed his ignorance. Common salt is composed of two deadly poisons united into a healthful compound. The gas is forced into water, and the corks into the bottles, by machines especially contrived for the purpose.

FLOYE.—Girls may whistle to their heart's content if they enjoy it and do not annoy others by it; but there is usually a better way to employ the thoughts. Whistling sounds come easiest where there is most emptiness. Singing is a preferable way to exercise your musical propensities. Men may be amused by hearing girls whistle, but usually they do not prefer such performers for wives. The "Arabian Nights" was probably composed by several authors. Your handwriting has elements which with care will enable you to excel in penmanship.

AGNES.—We know of no way of preventing the lips from growing talck, if 'tis their nature to, except to refrain as much as possible from pouting, which we do not suppose you are addicted to. Do not think too much about them, it will not help the difficulty. Cultivate so pleasant a disposition that people on acquaintance will entirely forget your looks if you are not attractive. To keep the hair from turning red avoid all patent hair dressing; use only water in which a little borax is dissolved, to wash the scalps, brush it thoroughly dry and let it have its own way. If it is the natural color it will be most becoming to you.

YOUNG STUDENT.—The causes of the threatened Eastern war can only be learned by reading many pages of European history. In general it may be said the professedly Christian inhabitants of the Provinces ruled by Turkey are in revolt on account of the fearful oppression exercised by their Mohammedan master, the Turks. The Russians are of the same descent and religion with these provinces and naturally are willing to aid them. Russia would also like to seize Turkey and thereby command the Black Sea, where she could bring up a navy to rule Europe. Other European nations fear such acquisition of power by Russia, and oppose her designs. Here are elements for a mighty war, which will probably be the greatest Europe has enjoyed for a long time. She cannot seemingly enjoy herself without a war of some kind on hand.

HARRY P., who is poor, and yet loves as fervantly as though he were rich, is much troubled by the hard times. He asks: "Do you think it would be right for a couple who love one another devotedly, but who are poor, to marry in these hard times? I earn fair wages and so does my intended, but if we marry our expenses will be doubled, and then there is no telling what misfortunes might happen besides." It would certainly be safe for a person who takes such views of life not to marry. The gist of the difficulty is in taking it for granted that it must necessary cost double to support a wedded pair. The rule ought to work the other way. A real, loving, sensible married couple ought to live on less than it cost them to live singly. But the trouble is that they are usually too vain and foolish to act sensibly, and so they sacrifice comfort to appearance. A poor married couple, who would resolutely set to work to live for themselves and not for their acquaintances, could get on comfortably with a small income and constantly save something besides. For real sensible people, who care more for substance than for show, and who are willing to make present sacrifices for their future good, the times are never too hard to marry.